

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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AMAZING JOURNEY ON AN ICEBERG

TWO OLD MEN OF THE EAST

A DRAMATIC MEETING

A Famous Indian and the Work He is Doing for the World

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

A dramatic meeting between two old men took place in Japan not long ago.

One of the old men was Japanese, the other was Indian, and each represented the newest ideas, and also the oldest, of his native land.

The man of Japan stood bowing profoundly in salutation. The man of India joined his hands together meekly and closed his eyes in prayer. A crowd of men of both countries stood round in ceremonial silence. It was the meeting of serious thinkers from two great Eastern lands, seeking to understand each other and arrive at some common plan of working for the good of mankind.

The representative of Japan was the much-venerated Mitsuru Toyama; the Indian was the Bengalee educator and poet Rabindranath Tagore.

Poet and Thinker

Too plainly in the past, Europeans have regarded themselves as having a mission to carry to both these countries a superior civilisation. The West has set itself the task of being tutor to the East. But here were two notable men of the East, with their followers around them, meeting to confer how they, as men of the East, could find a common method of spreading the Kingdom of God in the hearts of their fellow men.

Yes, it was a dramatic scene, and it is well to think what it may mean and towards what it may tend.

Who is Rabindranath Tagore? What is his aim and his work in the world?

A son of a Bengalee landowner, he spent his early manhood managing his father's estates, and managing them well till he was forty; now he is 63. During his life on the estate he wrote novels, short stories, and poems in his own language, their subjects being drawn from men of his own race around him. Then he entered public life as a politician, championing the cause of the Bengalees.

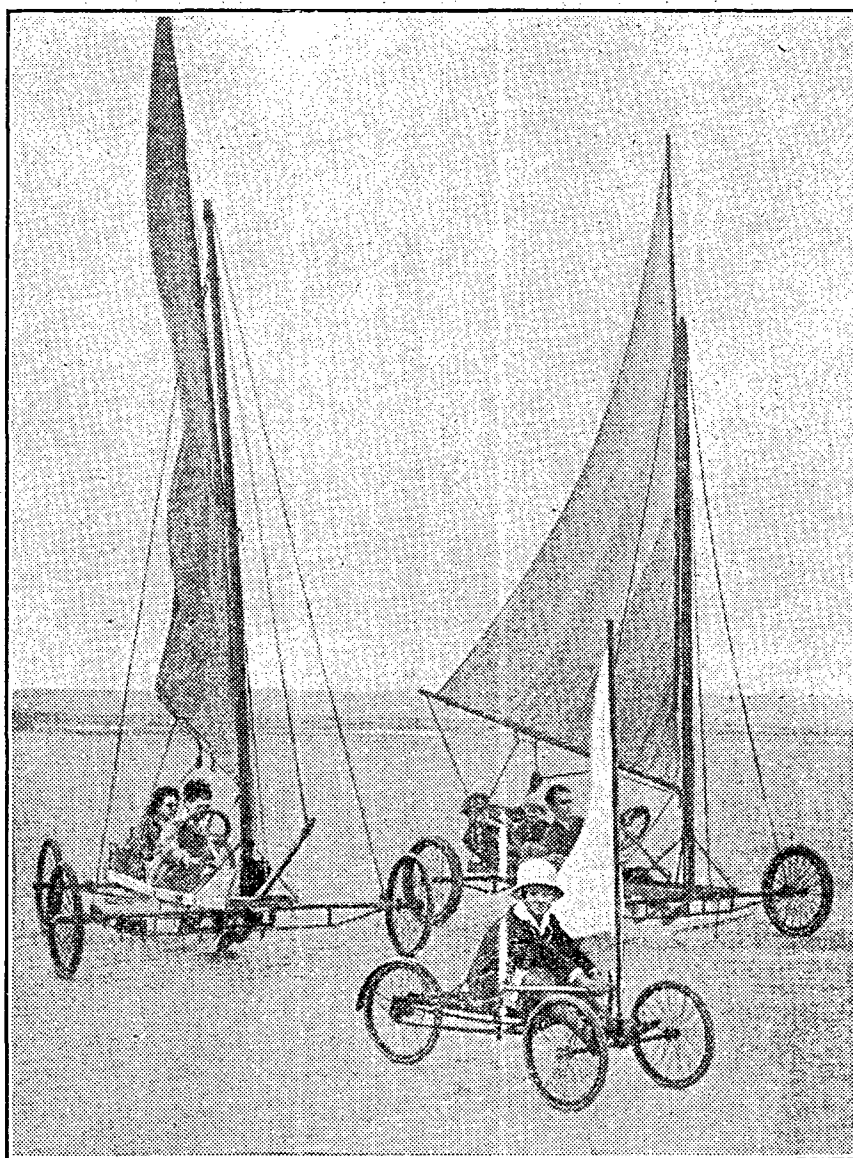
Meeting Ground of East and West

But presently he realised that his true work was not to be found in politics. He was a believer in following the inward voice of the Spirit, and in political turmoil he felt he was not at ease. Where could he find his true life-work?

After deep thought he saw that his work lay in education, and he founded a school at his home, Bolpur, in Bengal, where he sought to bring the best educational ideas of the West into operation to enrich the character of Eastern peoples. That school has been carried on ever since, and has formed a meeting-ground of East and West.

At first Tagore's educational work was not acceptable to his own countrymen

The Ships Sail Over the Land



An exciting race of the land yachts over the sands at Hardelot, near Boulogne, in France

and little was known of him in Europe; but in 1912 he came to England to undergo a serious operation. He had now translated into English some of his books, including a poem called Gitanjali. Swiftly he became a citizen of the world, known and admired in many lands. Through the English language he arrived at a fame he had not sought.

In 1913 the Swedish Academy of Literature awarded him the Nobel Prize for that year for the world's most distinctive work in literature; and the University of Calcutta gave him the Degree of Doctor of Literature. Since then, while continuing his educational work in Bengal, he has travelled widely in the cause of international brotherhood and peace. His appeal has been made specially to America and Japan. Though his health keeps him in a state of frailty, he is now planning another visit to Europe, beginning with Italy.

The causes that move his heart most strongly are the state of the care-worn poor and the wrongs inflicted on mankind by national jealousies, social divisions, and the pursuit of material aims instead of moral and spiritual

refinement. How can these evils be fought? His reply is that it may be done by mutual understanding between nations and classes, and by creating a right spirit in the world's children.

It is what the Spirit of Righteousness has been saying for long in the hearts of the wise of all lands, and it is a most welcome sign that such an ideal is being echoed spontaneously from the East, by men of two widely different nations.

TAXING ELECTRICITY

Customs Men Getting Busy

A curious question is being raised in France about duties on electricity "imported" from Switzerland.

The enormous amount of water power in Switzerland has been largely used to generate electric current, and, the electricity being so much more than Switzerland needs, it is sent to France.

Some people think duty should be paid on Swiss electricity thus imported into France, but after many consultations the French Government has decided not to impose any duty on electricity at present!

JIM SULLIVAN

HOW HE LOVED HIS HORSES

A Little Bit of Old News from Australia

HERO OF THE STABLE

Greater love hath no man than this: That a man lay down his life for his friends.

A story comes to us from the other side of the world which we must print, though it is now old news in Australia.

A fine man has died a terrible death trying to save twelve of the horses he loved. His name is Jim Sullivan and he lived in Camperdown, near Sydney.

For many years he has been night watchman at some big stables, where 66 horses and 20 lorries are housed. He used to go from stall to stall talking to his friends, and they would rub their heads affectionately against his arm.

One night this summer fire burst out in the stables.

A Wild Stampede

Sullivan and a friend called Kerr from a neighbouring stable did their best to save the horses, but the animals were terrified, and as soon as they were released from one stall they bolted across the yard to another. The flames quickly spread through the stables, and the horses were soon so maddened with fright that they became a greater danger than the fire itself.

Sullivan and Kerr fought the flames and the horses together, releasing the animals one after another from the burning stalls. Soon a number of people came to help, and 52 of the rescued horses were driven into a paddock.

The fire was worst in the north-east corner of the yard, and onlookers declared that the horses there were lost already. "They aren't," said Sullivan; "I'm going to save them." He darted into the building again.

The Face at the Opening

The maddened horses were stampeding in a narrow space. Jim took his life into his hands from that moment. He heard the brutes screaming with pain, and with a shout to reassure them disappeared into the smoking void. Behind him, as if barring the gate of life, fell a blazing beam from overhead.

The people gathered in the street, presently saw with horror Sullivan's face peering down on them from a tiny opening high up in the stable wall. He knew he was trapped; fire closed him in on every hand. He called for help, but no assistance could come that way, as the aperture was much too small for a man's body to pass through. Before anything could be done Sullivan released his hold and fell back out of sight.

The men of the fire brigade went straight into the burning building, but it was too late. Sullivan was found dead among those of the twelve horses he had given his life to save.

CHINESE CHAOS MILLIONS SUFFERING FROM BAD GOVERNMENT

The Greatest Causes of
Unhappiness in the World

SAD SPECTACLE OF A NATION

If we look round the world to find the greatest preventible causes of unhappiness, we shall find them in the ignorance that causes bad health, and in misgovernment which causes war and allows disorder.

The three populous nations that are now the most unhappy are Germany, Russia, and China, and the chief cause of their unhappiness is past or present misgovernment. China, for the moment is the most tragic of the world's spectacles.

In China live one-fourth of the people on the Earth. They are the most industrious part of mankind, and they have a venerable civilisation. Their learning is older than ours. When their poorer people get a fair chance of working outside their own land they are so useful, diligent, and thrifty that they are feared by all who have to compete with them. Their homeland is vast in extent, and much of it is fertile. Yet it is a land of misery and disorder, of almost hopeless confusion, and of frequently recurring war.

Rivers Burst Their Banks

It seems as if the Chinese have not the capacity for organising an efficient, foreseeing, honest government for the general good of all the people, and the nations that could help them do not know how to set about the task except by slowly influencing more and more young Chinese until at last real patriots appear with ideas and conscience, and power to take control.

In northern China at the present time vast tracts of land are flooded by the bursting of the banks of the rivers over the great rice-growing plains. The crops are rotting in the floods. Probably twenty million people are concerned in the destruction that has been caused, and five millions have lost all their harvest. Their lands and homes are entirely under water, and starvation threatens them in the coming winter.

No Seed for Next Year

Winter sowing will not be possible. There will be no seed for next year's crop. There is no food for such farming stock as has been saved, and no fuel, as the stalks of the crops are burned for cooking and heating.

All this destruction might have been prevented, for the danger could be well foreseen, and the engineering world understands fully how the flood waters could be passed to the sea without doing serious damage. The misgovernment that has allowed this winter prospect to becloud Northern China will not be more successful in grappling with the misery than it has been in preventing it.

Country Over-run with Brigands

Yet even while this tragedy is occurring in the practical life of China the country is over-run with brigands in other districts; the railways are unsafe for commerce or travel; each province is under local military government, with no control from the national Capital; and civil war is raging between armies numbered in hundreds of thousands, for no serious cause.

This is the spectacle of misgovernment presented in a country which embraces one-fourth of mankind. Russia is not much better. She is using her so-called freedom to stamp out freedom in Georgia, one of the most ancient nations in the world. We think of the present age as ushering in the reign of freedom; but we have only to open our eyes to see that, from the Gulf of Finland to the Yellow Sea, there lies a vast belt of the Earth's surface which illustrates misgovernment as fatally as it has ever been shown in the world's story.

A DAY'S RUN TO AFRICA

Breakfast in London, Dinner
in Tangier

A man has breakfasted in London and dined in Africa on the same day.

He is Mr. Alan J. Cobham, who won the King's Air Cup this year. He set out from Croydon at six o'clock in the morning, reached Madrid at 2.10 and stayed there for half an hour, and arrived in Tangier at 7.30. He had flown 1300 miles in thirteen and a half hours. After a short rest Mr. Cobham flew back to London.

40 MAORIS AT GENEVA War Feathers at the League

The solemn proceedings of the League of Nations at Geneva were enlivened a week or two ago by the entry of forty Maoris in full war dress with hats and feathers.

They had come all the way from New Zealand to claim the League's help in regaining possession of certain lands. They were all followers of a faith-healer named Ratana, of whom we read some time ago in the C.N.

It was plainly not a matter on which the League could act over the heads of the British and New Zealand Governments, but, so far from any resentment being shown by the New Zealand delegates, they invited the Maoris to lunch.

What strikes us as so interesting is the idea that the world has reached a stage at which an international Parliament (if we may so call the League) can turn aside to hear 40 Maoris from the other end of the world who think they have a grievance to settle. We are getting on.

BY LAW INSTEAD OF WAR Another International Dispute Ended

The Permanent Court of International Justice has just given its ninth advisory opinion to the League on an international dispute, and this the League will no doubt make binding.

It concerns the possession of the famous Monastery of Saint-Naoum on the border between Yugo-Slavia and Albania. The Allies decided nearly two years ago that it belonged to Albania, but Yugo-Slavia objected, and the Allies referred the dispute to the League.

As the question turned purely on the interpretation of legal terms, the League Council asked the Hague Court for its advice. And now the Hague Court finds for Albania and the thing is settled.

Thus, brick by brick, the edifice of international law is being built up.

FINDING 100 SQUARE MILES

The Oxford Men in Spitsbergen

The members of the Oxford University Arctic Expedition have been exploring and re-mapping North Eastland, the island immediately north-east of Spitsbergen, and have discovered roughly a hundred square miles of hitherto unknown land.

Until now it has been supposed that the northern side of the island was covered with permanent ice, but the explorers found a broad expanse of fertile land with many flowering plants and soft turf, where geese, reindeer, and bears feed.

They found that Wahlenbergs Bay, supposed to be 20 miles deep, penetrated practically to the centre of the island, 40 miles, where ended a mighty glacier which they named after Eton, while the great peninsula to the north of it they called after Oxford, which sent them out.

GREAT CALL FOR PEACE

BY THE MEN WHO WON
THE WAR

Millions of Allied Fighting Men
Bound Against Fighting

FIDAC AND ITS SPIRIT

The meeting in London of the Federation of Men of the Allied Nations, representing 5,000,000 men who fought in the Great War, (known as Fidac after the initials of the French name of the movement), was one of the most impressive reminders this country has had that the true view of the mass of the people of all civilised nations is that wars should stop.

Millions of thoughtful men who have known war, who have risked their lives in defence of their native lands, who have met men of other lands in strife and in friendship, and have personally felt the dire consequences of war, came instinctively together to declare that war ought not to be.

The grasping selfishness of nations, the wiles of diplomatists, the squabbling of politicians, the cynicism of professional militarists who are always tending to disturb the world's peace, look poor and paltry compared with the broad common sense and natural turning towards friendship of these soldiers of many lands.

Men Who Fought for Noble Ends

One of the most promising tendencies of this great movement is that led by Sir Ian Hamilton, President of the British Legion, in favour of admitting men of the enemy nations. It is natural that the Federation should wish to do so, for they had no ill-will against their fellows, even in the War.

These federated soldiers are men who believe they fought for noble ends. They were defenders of human liberty. Of these motives they can remain proud. That is shown by the inscription on a marble plaque which they placed on the grave of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey:

O, unknown soldier of the British Army, we, thy Inter-Allied comrades, salute thee!

But they preserve their ideals now the war is over. They band themselves together to keep the peace they won. Through war they arrive at friendship, not jealousy. Unity, order, justice, mutual helpfulness, are their ideals. A demonstration from such a source is profoundly impressive. It reminds the world again what it owes to these men who saved freedom by war, and yet remain the firmest friends of peace.

LIVY STILL LOST Italian Doctor's Strange Conduct

The famous lost books of Livy, the historian of Ancient Rome, have not been found.

An official statement by the Italian Minister of Education declares that Dr. Di Martino-Fusco was led astray and made unfounded announcements of the discovery, and that the doctor had not the courage to contradict the reports which were spread abroad in all countries.

The whole story of the discovery has been a hoax from the beginning, and the world of learning can only regret the stupidity which has been shown in the matter by the Italian doctor and many of his friends.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Aleutian	Ah-lu-shan
Amontillado	Ah-mon-til-yah-do
Caribbean	Kar-ib-be-an
Livy	Liv-e
Manaos	Mah-nah-oosh
Senegal	Sen-e-gawl
Sierra Leone	Se-er-rah Le-o-ne

SPAIN AND THE RIF TALKING OF PEACE

Long and Miserable Struggle
that May be Ending

CHANCE FOR THE LEAGUE

There seems some hope at last of an end of the long struggle between Spain and the Rif tribes of Northern Morocco. General Primo de Rivero, the Spanish dictator, and Abd-el-Krim, the Rif leader, have been exchanging views as to the basis of peace.

Spain offers Abd-el-Krim "the administrative and economic independence of the Rif, subject to his recognition in principle of the Spanish Protectorate." That is to say, Spain will acknowledge Rif independence in practice if the Rif will acknowledge Spanish overlordship in theory.

The Rif is already independent in practice, anyway (and very well governed, by all accounts), and Spanish overlordship has already been reduced to a mere theory, which can never now be made anything more.

But Abd-el-Krim set out to rid Morocco of Spanish troops altogether. He demands absolute independence with no overlordship, and he demands that Spain should go not only from the Rif, but from all the inland towns, within hail of it, remaining apparently only at Melilla to the east and Ceuta to the west.

An Appeal to the League

Now, Tetuan, to the south of Ceuta, seems essential to the defence of that western part of North Morocco which includes Tangier, held under an international control, and it does not appear that Abd-el-Krim has any claim upon it at all. He has appealed to the League of Nations to help his own country to independence, but the League would never support his demand regarding Tetuan.

The only other place seriously in question seems to be Sheshuan, a good thirty miles farther south still, and whatever claims Abd-el-Krim may have to it, it is clear that Spain can no longer hold it against him.

Spain holds herself bound to maintain her Protectorate, actual or theoretical, and Abd-el-Krim has put his own case before the League. What an opportunity for the Powers, through the League, to intervene for peace in this long and miserable struggle for the fragments of the lost Spanish Empire!

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN GEORGIA

The Little State in the Caucasus

A deputation has reached Geneva to seek the help of the League of Nations for the little Republic of Georgia, south of the Caucasus Mountains, between the Black Sea and the Caspian.

The Georgians have always loved independence, and there were some desperate revolts against Russian rule under the Tsars. In 1920 their independence was solemnly acknowledged by the Soviet Government, and a year later by the Allies.

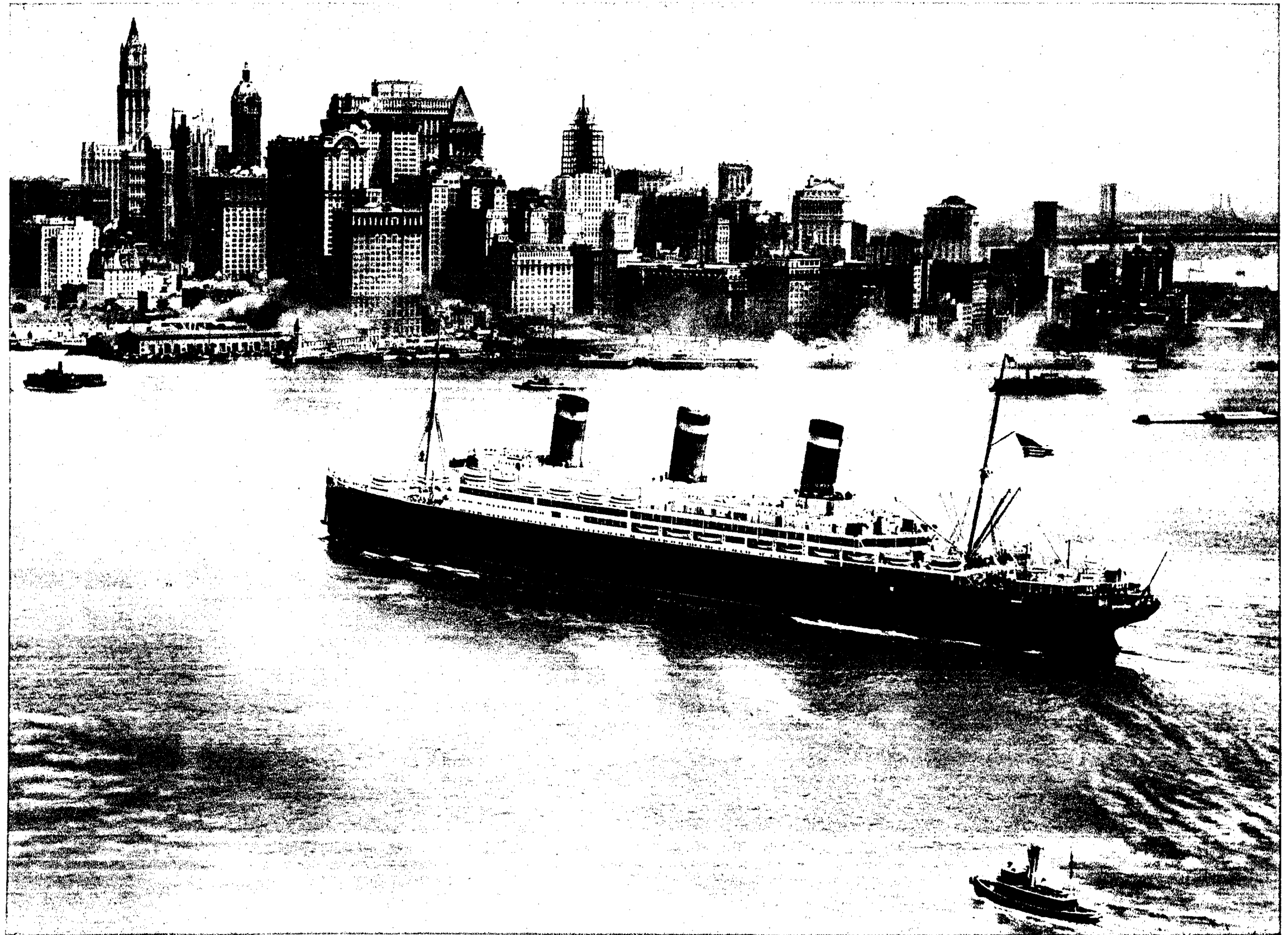
But the Georgians, though Socialists, were not Bolsheviks, and Russia soon reversed her policy and imposed a so-called Soviet Government, responsible to Moscow, by force of arms.

The Georgian delegation to Geneva declares that the present rising is serious, and that terrible atrocities have been committed by Soviet troops. Russia replies that the revolt was a very small one, and was quickly suppressed, adding that in any case the matter is of purely domestic interest, and must not be interfered with from outside.

This last statement is clearly untrue, in view of the recognition of Georgian independence; but with Russia outside the League it is difficult to see what can be done at Geneva.

Children's Newspaper Picture Supplement of the Conquerors of the Sea: October 4, 1924

A GIANT ATLANTIC LINER OF TODAY



The latest type of Atlantic Liner, the Leviathan, of the United States Lines, approaching New York. This vessel has a tonnage of 59,956, the largest of any ship in the world

AFRICAN MUSIC

A TALK WITH A NEGRO MUSICIAN

Piano with Seventeen Notes to the Octave

A GOOD THING BEING DONE

There has just been in London, on his way from America back home to West Africa, Mr. Ballanta Taylor, the first man, black or white, to undertake the scientific study of African music.

He finds that it differs from pure Western music because it has seventeen notes in its octave instead of our thirteen. He has been studying music for the last two years in America, and has interested some of the leading American musicians and others in his researches.

With Dr. Moton, the famous leader of Tuskegee, the Negro educational institution, as its secretary, a committee of white and black people has been formed which is supplying the money to allow Mr. Ballanta Taylor to go back to Africa to give his whole time to this work, for they believe that music is one of the means of interpreting the soul of one nation or race to another.

What is Rag-time?

"I began studying music when I was a boy at Freetown, in Sierra Leone," Mr. Ballanta Taylor told a C.N. representative. "My father was a musician, and I went to the Church Mission school there. They wanted me to be a minister, but I felt I had to study music. I was able to do this later as I travelled about the country as an official for the British Government."

People today often think that rag-time is Negro music, but Mr. Taylor says they are wrong. "It is only because they have certain rhythmic tendencies which are alike that African music and rag-time are thought to be similar. You cannot get your ordinary piano to render our music correctly, but I have seen some of the great piano-makers in New York, and I hope that they will be able to construct one with notes by which the seventeen tones in the octave can be accurately given."

Native Instruments

On the other hand, Mr. Taylor points out that trumpets, trombones, and string instruments may be used for real African music, but wood-wind instruments, such as flutes and clarinets, which have their notes as fixed as those of a piano, are not suitable. On his return to Africa he hopes to study the subject not only in Sierra Leone, but in Senegal, Nigeria, and on the Gold Coast, and to make a collection of native instruments.

Mr. Taylor has written the full score of a piece of music on the African principle, which seeks to express the arrival of a visitor in Africa, and to describe the sunrise and the scenery, and their effect on the traveller. Then the new-comer is supposed to meet with the natives, and through the music he is shown something of their thoughts and yearnings, so that he recognises his common humanity with them.

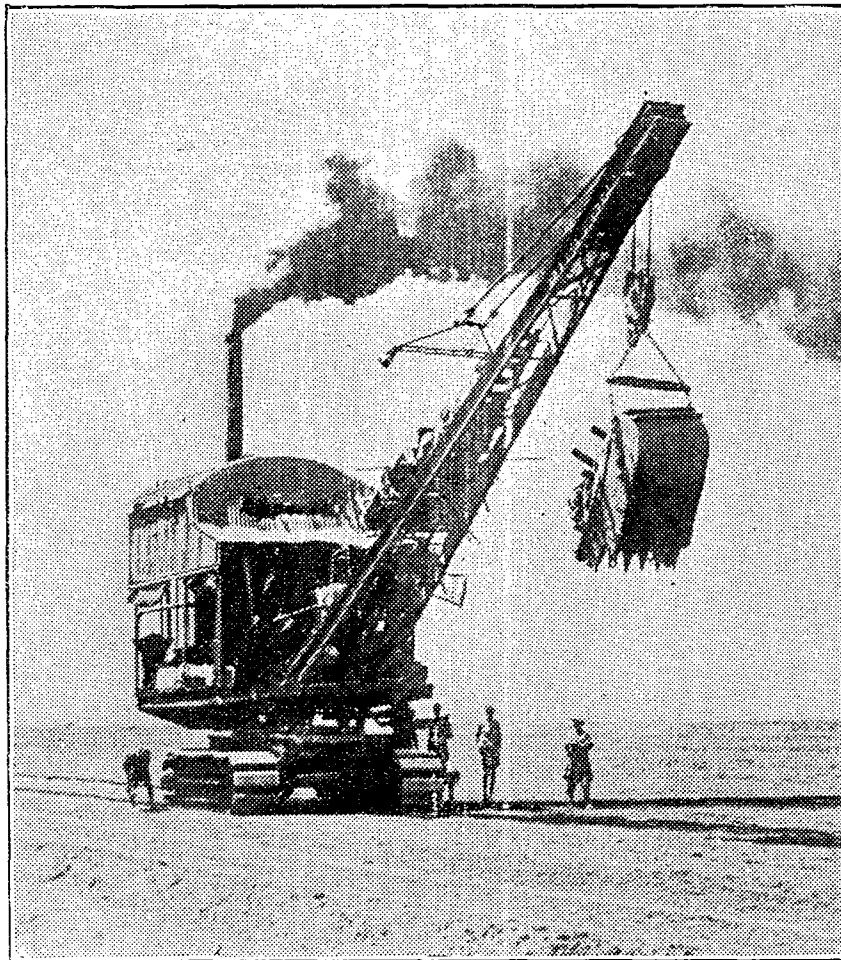
MOTORS DISINFECTED

Fighting a Cattle Plague

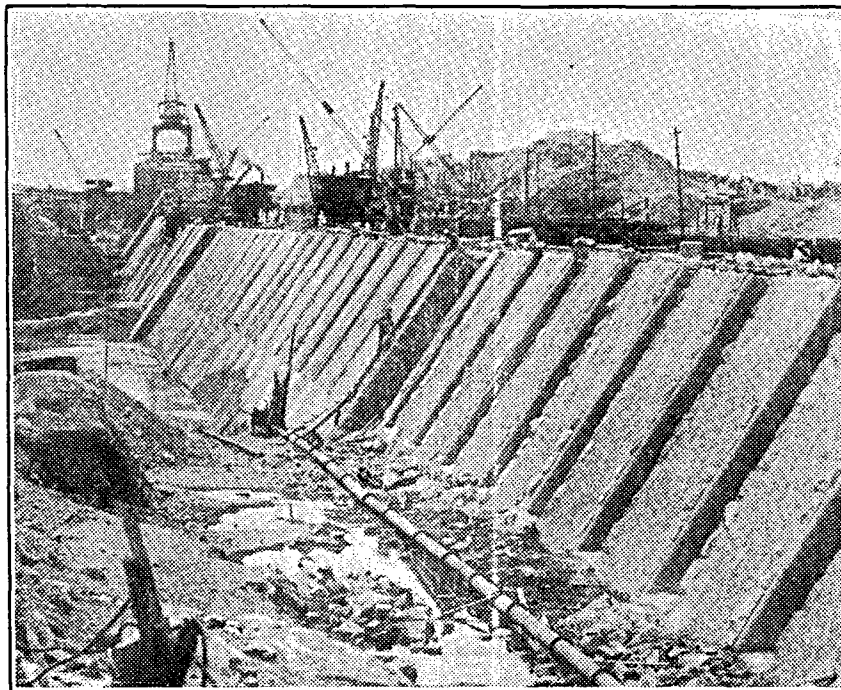
When foot-and-mouth disease was attacking the cattle of California recently no stone was left unturned to stop it.

One innovation was the installation of chemical troughs at intervals along the highways. These troughs were filled with strong disinfectant, and motor-cars and other vehicles were compelled to drive through them to ensure that no germs were transmitted on the wheels or tyres.

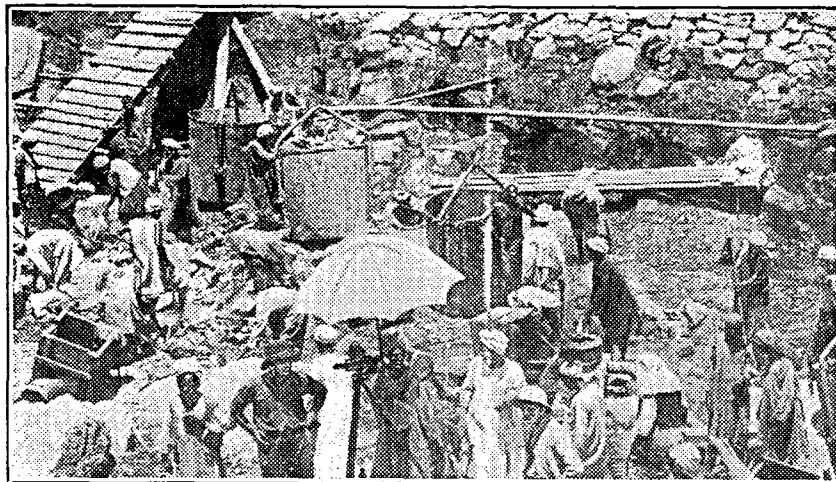
BUILDING THE BIG DAM



The steam navvy with caterpillar wheels in the desert



Steel cylinders built into the masonry of the dam



The British engineer with his instruments under a white umbrella

The British are at present carrying out a great irrigation scheme on the Blue Nile, and these pictures show the building of the big Makwar Dam. Electric wires pass through steel cylinders in the masonry of the dam and link up a number of electric motors.

WILL U.S.A. COME IN?

AMERICANS AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The Points of View of the Three Americas

THE FARMER BEGINNING TO THINK

By a Correspondent in Ohio

The declaration of Mr. Davis, the Democratic candidate for the American Presidency, in favour of joining the League of Nations makes timely this article from U.S.A.

Many thinking Americans feel deeply the position in which their country is placed by having planned the League of Nations and then refused to join it.

America in most things is quite as united as any other nation, but the country is so big that different sections have quite different interests in world affairs. There are really three Americas to consider in thinking of this subject.

The Middle West

The Atlantic States look across one ocean to Europe, and New York sees ships from the Old World come into its harbour every day; but the Pacific States look across another ocean to Asia, and are far more concerned with what goes on in China and Japan. Between is a great central section, which is called the Middle West, and this vast region takes extremely slight interest in any foreign land. It prides itself on being "100 per cent American"; outsiders might be tempted to say it was provincial. In any case, it is strongly opposed to joining any league or forgiving any debt.

America went into the war fired by a splendid enthusiasm; she believed the world would be a better place when it was over; but very soon the great enthusiasm cooled down. America had spent much and had gained nothing that anyone could see, so the great Middle West remembered that Washington advised his countrymen to avoid being mixed up with other folk, and became averse to any European connections.

Party Politics

It is a great pity that Mr. Wilson allowed the question of America's taking part in the League to become a matter of party politics, but he made it a war cry of the Democrats by whom he had been elected President. So, of course, the other party, the Republicans, took up the challenge he flung down, though the issue was a little confused from Mr. Taft and other Republicans having supported the first plans for the League, and the result is what it is. The present writer knows perhaps a dozen Republicans (mostly college professors) who voted for the other side because they wanted the League, but the number of such men must have been extremely small, for Mr. Harding's majority was the largest ever known.

It does not seem likely that America will enter the League very soon. The Republicans are strongly opposed; the Democrats have little enthusiasm. But the farmers are beginning to find out that there is no one who can buy their corn, and plenty of people used to sell things in Europe who cannot do so now. And, of course, America cannot look on while Europe goes to ruin. Perhaps if the League is modified (and possibly takes a new name) the Americans will enter yet.

COAL FOR 400 YEARS

Thousands of Millions of Tons

What is probably the richest coal seam in England has been discovered at Moor End in South-East Yorkshire. It is thought that it may extend 65 miles out under the North Sea. It has been estimated that even without the seam running under the sea, it contains 23,000 million tons of coal, which at the present rate of output will last 400 years.

THE TELESCOPE MAN

RISE OF A GOLD
MEDALLIST

Maker of the Lenses Which
Reveal the Wonders of the Sky

ROMANCE OF PERSEVERANCE

The John Fritz Gold Medal, one of the greatest distinctions a scientist can receive, has just been conferred on a man whose name few ordinary people have ever heard.

This medal, instituted in 1902, has been awarded to men of the rank of Kelvin, Edison, Marconi, Nobel, and Orville Wright, and now it has been given to Ambrose Swasey, whose claim to distinction is that he is the world's foremost telescope builder.

Boy Becomes an Inventor

He has built most of the world's famous telescopes, beginning with the Lick instrument of 40 years ago, which it has been said marked an epoch in astronomical science as surely as did the telescope of Galileo.

Dr. Swasey, for he has twice had a doctor's degree conferred on him, was an apprentice in an engineering shop when he was a boy, and spent best parts of his nights in experiments with home-made apparatus. The result was that he became more than an efficient engineer: he became an inventor and a distinguished pioneer.

Among other things, as a young machinist in a New England engineering shop, he solved the problems that had long been bothering machinists all over the world. So remarkable was his work in engineering that, when he was 33 years old, working as a foreman in a machine-shop, Cornell University took the unusual step of inviting him to succeed a distinguished scientist as professor of mechanical engineering. He did not accept the position, however.

A Lifelong Friendship

In 1865, a youth named Worcester R. Warner went as apprentice to the Exeter Machine Works, where Dr. Swasey was then working, and the two began a lifelong friendship. It was a turning point in Swasey's life. Hitherto the young man had made no study of astronomy, but Warner was an enthusiast, and soon imparted his enthusiasm to his friend. They studied together, and when they had saved £1000 they decided to build telescopes.

In 1874 James Lick gave £140,000 to equip Mount Hamilton Observatory, California, and he specified that part of the money should be used in constructing the biggest telescope in the world. Warner and Swasey were not recognised as telescope builders at that time, but they tendered for the new instrument, and the drawings they submitted were so striking that they were at once given the order.

A Great Surprise

"The scientific world was startled," said Dr. Swasey, "when such an enormous task was turned over to so small a firm as ours; and, to tell the truth, no one was more surprised than we. Though we had submitted our bid in good faith and our hopes of obtaining the contract had mounted high, when the actual work confronted us, we were brought almost to the point of confessing that it was too much for us.

"Since neither of us was a university man, we wondered whether we should be capable of carrying on the enormous

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Electors who fail to vote in Australia may be fined

The Quebec Government is to award 15 scholarships for travel in Europe.

A few Boy Scouts from Australia visited Malmö, Sweden, the other day.

Chile is to have two large broadcasting stations capable of covering the entire country.

Owing to bad weather this year the British harvest of wheat is the lowest since 1904.

Lightning Flash Costs £600,000

Lightning striking an oil tank in California set on fire 55,000 gallons of oil and caused a loss of £600,000.

The Pity of it All

At the beginning of the Great War about 30 suffocating gases were known; today there are over a thousand.

Red Petrol

The American Bureau of Explosives has recommended that petrol be coloured red, to prevent anyone from mistaking it for water.

A Workman's Family Papers

A volume of poems by a man of Wigan in the days of Charles the First has just been found among the family papers of a working man in the town.

Bamboo Organ

There is an organ in the Philippine Islands whose 120 pipes are made of native bamboo reeds which have served that purpose for over 100 years.

British Exports

British exports for August totalled to £66,288,294, a decrease of £4,994,995 on those of July, and an increase of £6,184,934 on those of August last year.

Sitting on the Racquet

A clever tennis racquet press has made its appearance in Canada. The sides can be folded down so as to make the racquet into a stool.

Old Copies of the C.N.

The Children's Missioner, Kottayam, S. India, will be grateful to readers who will post to him their old copies of My Magazine and the C.N.

The Electric Age

There are sixty million people in the United States who live in electrically lighted homes or work on electrical farms, factories, shops, or offices.

The Way of a Railway

A traveller on the Southern Railway from Bromley to London complains of having had to travel third class with a first-class ticket while almost empty first-class carriages were locked.

Bringing the Empire Nearer Home

It is said that in ten years a regular airship service will be working which will bring Canada within two and a half days of England and Australia within eleven days.

Tapestry in a Church

Five thousand pounds has been offered for a tapestry of the marriage of Henry the Seventh now hanging in Lyme Regis Church. The tapestry was a gift to the church, and it is hoped that it will not be sold.

Continued from the previous column

amount of scientific calculation necessary. At last, though, we decided, 'If we are big enough to land a contract as large as this, we are big enough to carry it out,' and we engaged a noted professor of engineering to check our calculations."

Special machinery had to be devised to make the parts, but at last the telescope was made and set up, to become one of the wonders of the modern world. It was a triumphant success, and placed Dr. Swasey and his friend in the front rank of the world's telescope builders.

Since then the firm has built many other famous telescopes, and the gift of the Fritz medal comes as a crowning honour to a most deserving man.

BY BOAT TO TOWN

HOW TO AVOID THE
CRUSH

Next Year's Fleet of Motors on
the Thames

OUR WASTED RIVER-WAY

If all goes well, next summer may see a fleet of fine motor-boats taking people to business and home again along the cool and pleasant waters of the Thames. The C.N., which does not like to see our noble river wasted, will be delighted.

Sir Samuel Instone is the name of the new pioneer of this great idea. He is well known in coal and shipping, but even better known for what he has done to establish air posts and commercial flying services between this country and the Continent.

He now points out that for 2000 years the River Thames has been an artery of traffic through the greatest city in the world, but that it has been left for modern times to neglect the finest road the city has, a road which never needs mending, which nobody can take up and block at the busiest season, and which gives the most delightful view of the Empire's capital that can be seen.

Fit for All Weathers

If the L.C.C. and the Port of London Authority will support him by giving permission to use their piers and gangways, and helping in other directions which will give them no trouble, Sir Samuel proposes to build new landing stages where they will be needed, and to begin his service next Easter with 25 new twin-screw motor-boats, each 100 feet long, and carrying 300 passengers.

The boats will be fit for any weather, and will be able to do nine miles an hour, even against the tide, which is sometimes as much as five miles an hour. They will run between Hammersmith and Greenwich at regular intervals of 15 minutes, and between Hammersmith and Woolwich at 45-minute intervals; while on the most frequented piers there will be a service every few minutes during the busy hours of the morning and evening, when most passengers want to get to and from their work.

The Cool Waterway

Besides this, there will be boats going down to the estuary, and up to Kew and Richmond. It is intended to run the boats all day throughout the year, shortening the services in winter.

There are already in existence ten landing-stages controlled by the Port of London Authority, and two belonging to the L.C.C. It is proposed by Sir Samuel Instone to build 13 new ones, and to hand over control to the Council.

How pleasant it will be in the hot summer months to travel from the suburbs to the City along our cool, wide waterway, with no tiresome delays, no smell of petrol, no dust or dirt. Eighteen miles, at fares never more than a penny a mile, without strap-hanging or jolting, sheltered from the rain and wind if the weather should fail us. Comfortable rooms to read in and write in, meals on board, and all the way along the sights of our noble and historic river.

Relief for the Streets

The L.C.C. itself had once a fleet of paddle steamers on the Thames, and for many years private companies carried on steamship services between Putney and Greenwich, and made big profits. Every year for ten years twenty million passengers were carried to and fro, at the time when the population of London was not so big as now.

Transport by bus and train and tram has improved in some respects since that time, but the traffic of London and the abuse of the streets have become a great scandal. The relief the motor-boat services will bring must be considerable. At the very lowest the boats will carry twelve million passengers a year, and there is no reason why they should not reach the twenty millions of earlier days.

A NATION
REMEMBERS

VASCO DA GAMA

Fourth Centenary of the Fame
of a Great Explorer

PORTUGAL'S EMPIRE BUILDER

Portugal, our oldest ally, is to ask the British Government to send a cruiser to Lisbon at Christmas, when she commemorates the fourth centenary of the death of Vasco da Gama, the great captain, explorer, and viceroy who founded the Indian empire which she lost, and the great African colonies which she still holds.

Brazil, which once belonged to Portugal, and still bears to that country the same relationship as the United States bears to ourselves, speaking the Portuguese tongue and sharing Portuguese history and culture, will send a deputation of distinguished men to do honour to her Motherland. And it is to be hoped that South Africa will also be sending representatives. For it was Vasco da Gama who first, on Christmas Day in 1497, sighted a land which he called Natal, which is the Portuguese name for Christmas.

The Wonderful Voyage

He had been sent by the king, with a fleet of four ships and 160 men, to explore the road to India past the Cape, following up the venturesome expeditions of Bartholomew Diaz. He carried letters from his king to the Princes of the East, among them the fabled Prester John, and his voyage took him ten months, during which time he suffered and triumphed over stormy seas, privation, mutiny, and all manner of hardships. And even when he did reach Calicut, on the coast of India, on May 20, 1498, the Arab merchants made such trouble that he had to fight his way out of the harbour.

He came back to Lisbon in September, 1499, and was received with the greatest honour. The king sent out a new fleet to found a factory at Calicut. It was driven out of its course to the shores of Brazil, and half of the 13 ships were lost before they could reach the Indian coast, where the factory was founded. The Indians murdered the forty merchants who were left behind, and Da Gama was dispatched with a fleet of twenty sail to take vengeance. He weighed anchor in 1502, and broke his journey to establish the colonies of Mozambique and Sofala, on the east coast of Africa, which are still a source of great wealth to Portugal. Da Gama bombarded Calicut, destroyed the Indian and Arab fleets, and returned with rich treasure, having laid the foundations of an Empire in India.

A Quiet Country Gentleman

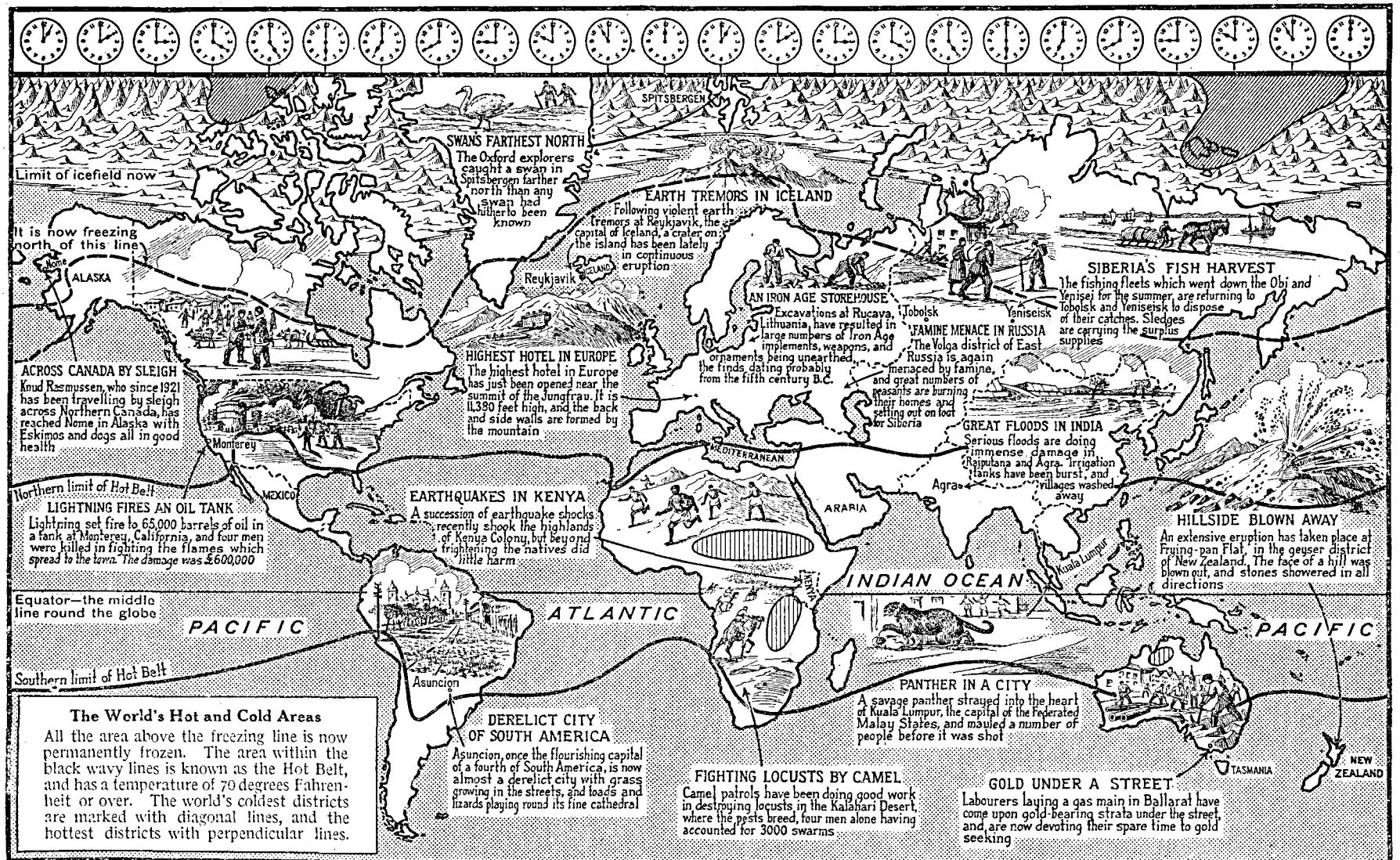
Da Gama then lived the life of a quiet country gentleman, but after 20 years he was called from his seclusion, for things were going badly in the East, and only Da Gama could put them right. His triumph was complete. He re-established order and security, and made the name of Portugal to be respected once again.

But death overtook him in the hour of victory, and he died at Cochin, on Christmas Day, 1524. His body was embalmed and brought back to his native land, where he was buried with great pomp at Vidigueira. So passed a brave and gallant sailor, whom his countrymen have never forgotten.

FARTHEST NORTH WIRELESS

Four wireless transmitting stations are shortly to be erected in Greenland. One of these, at Julianashaab, will be able to communicate with Reykjavik, in Iceland, and with other European stations.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING THE WORLD'S HOT BELT



MANCHESTER IN TOWN And Its Good Word for London

A friend from Manchester, who has been in London for a holiday, sends us this note, which we gladly pass on to all whom it may concern.

I have just returned from a visit to London, and I should like to say a word about your London policemen, bus-conductors, tube attendants, waitresses, and business men.

They seem to be the kindest, most agreeable, helpful, and sociable people I ever came across. I mention business men specially because, while one expects the others to be polite as part of their profession, I was greatly impressed by the helpfulness of the business men.

If we were in a difficulty underground, we were immediately asked by one of them, "Where did you want to get to?" Another thing, one day I entered a crowded tube train; I was compelled to strap-hang for a distance, then a few seats became vacant, and at last there was one vacant, and two men, including myself, standing. The gentleman beside me refused to sit down, and insisted on my taking the seat.

Allow me to congratulate you on having such a splendid set of men in your public service.

A GOOD BEGINNING Reappearance of a Pier

A start has been made in providing London-on-Thames with the motor-boat service which is to take the place of the old Thames steamboats.

The old pier at Chelsea, which only just outlasted the war and was removed, has returned to its place by the Albert Bridge. For some years it has been hibernating at Strand-on-the-Green near Kew, where, on the mud, it looked as if it were to be allowed to fall to pieces like some of the weary old barges there. But now it has been towed back, and with a fresh coat of paint and the lettering Cadogan Pier in white and brown, is as young as ever, and fit to receive boat-loads of passengers.

WEALTH OF THE WORLD Less Than It Was

The senselessness of war, even from a material point of view, may be realised from some striking figures worked out by American bankers.

Just before the war the total wealth of twenty nations engaged in it was estimated to be £126,000,000,000, but today it is only £123,800,000,000. Wealth is, of course, not gold, but the total of all things having a marketable value, and the enormous drop of £2,200,000,000 means a fall of this sum in the value of beautiful and useful things in the world today.

Some nations, however, have more wealth than they had in 1914 and among these are Britain and the United States. The pre-war wealth of the British Empire was about £28,000,000,000, and today it is £29,800,000,000. The United States had in 1914 £40,000,000,000 and now she has £46,000,000,000. France had £12,000,000,000, and today her wealth is about the same, but Germany has fallen from £16,000,000,000 in 1914 to £11,000,000,000 in 1924.

THE MAGNETIC SPELL Bewitching the Mersey

When ships pass on their way to and from Liverpool, and come to a particular spot in the Mersey, their compasses become agitated in a wholly improper way.

Some magnetic spell is laid on them, and the only explanation that has suggested itself is that the iron parts of some ship wrecked there have become magnetised by some shift in the wreck's position joined to the action of waves or currents.

There are a number of places in the world where something magnetic on the coast or on the sea bottom affects a ship's compasses. Magnetic Island, off Townsville, on the east coast of Australia, was so called because it appeared to upset the compass of Captain Cook's ship; and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence there are similar disturbances.

GOOD MUSIC FOR ALL Spreading More and More

There can be no doubt as to the rapid spread of good music.

Some part of the credit must be put to the account of wireless. Not only is it bringing into the homes of the people noisy jangles of the Negro type, and the formless agonies of the newest school, but it is giving plenty of real music for comparison. The natural antidote to sham music is good music, and more of it can now be heard than ever before.

As an instance of the kind of advance that is being made, the C.N. notes that in this first week of October a choir of boys is giving at Todmorden the whole of Mozart's romantic opera The Magic Flute, under the training and conductorship of Mr. Ronald Cunliffe.

Airs too low for the voices of boys will be transposed, otherwise there will be no change or simplification in the score. Six performances are promised at the uniform charge of a shilling.

Already this boys' choir has made some acquaintance with Bach, Handel, Purcell, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Wolf, Strauss, Mendelssohn, Quilter, Vaughan Williams, Elgar, Holst, Bantock, Ireland, Gounod, Sullivan, Shaw, Bridge, Rutland Boughton, Tschai-kowsky, Wagner, Sterndale Bennett, and Arne.

This looks unmistakably like bringing good music into the very midst of the people to make its own conquests.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A Queen Anne settee	£393
An Elizabethan movable cupboard	£341
18th-century Flemish tapestry . .	£200
A Cape 1d. stamp, 1861	£125
A pair of Stuart armchairs	£105

THE LAST OF THE LAND TORTOISES

Visitors from a Volcanic Island

At the Zoo are some venerable and placid animals which everybody knows as the giant land tortoises. Look well on them; for when they are gone the world will probably see their kind no more.

They come from the Galapagos Islands, which are volcanic islets on the Equator, 650 miles from Panama, and so rocky and barren that till quite lately nobody ever lived there, and the only people to visit them were the pirates and buccaneers of the 18th century. The buccaneers and some whalers also used to come for the giant land tortoises; and perhaps all would have been well if it had not been for a Guayaquil farmer, who started a ranch on the largest island, and killed off all the old tortoises he could find for their oil.

An American Expedition of scientific men has just returned from the Galapagos, and on the largest island, where the giants used to dwell, they found only one. There may be more, for this island of Albemarle is larger than the Isle of Wight, but if the land tortoises are to live some international regulation will have to be passed to protect them. The islands belong to the State of Ecuador, which does not take much pride in them for they produce nothing much, except strange animals and volcanic outbursts. It is said there were once 2000 craters on the 13 islands, and some are still active.

But the animals certainly are strange. Besides the land tortoises, there is a lizard 50 inches long, and an iguana about the same size which swims in the sea and makes friends with the crabs. There is also the only penguin which does not live south of the Equator, and a cormorant which cannot fly. The cormorant is a big bird and a strange one, but in a few years it will be as extinct as the Great Auk.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 4 1924

In 1924

A MAN has been stoned to death for his religious opinions. His hands were tied and his ankles chained. He was driven through the city, followed by a mob who collected stones as they went.

The signal to begin was given, according to custom, by the Chief Mullah. Then a shower of missiles drove the staggering man on and on to a rocky place outside the city. There he fell. Great boulders were heaved on to his bleeding body. At last he was hidden by them; perhaps he did not die for some hours.

So it was directed in the seventeenth chapter of Deuteronomy; so it was done in 1924. But it is not 1924 for the Amir of Afghanistan. He does not date time from the birth of Him who was crucified by the Romans nearly two thousand years ago, and who said "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

We are horrified at the crime just committed in Afghanistan, where this martyr to his faith has been stoned to death, even as (much later than Deuteronomy) Stephen was stoned in the presence of Paul. The martyr was Niamatullah Khan, priest of the new religion of the Ahmadias, who preach, as the early Christians did, a gospel of peace. The cruel martyrdom has another link with Christianity, because the Ahmadi doctrine would urge Mussulmans not to regard Christians as infidels.

Perhaps we are apt to think that this Afghan crime is one more example of Eastern calousness, but that is a dangerous mistake. As late as the sixteenth century white men burned heretics. In the days of Greek civilisation, days of intellectual glory unsurpassed in history, slavery and brutality existed.

We loathe cruelty today, not because of our colour or our civilisation, but because at last we are coming more and more to look at life from Christ's point of view. His teaching, long misunderstood by those who thought themselves His followers, has now sunk deep in the general heart of mankind. People who lament the decay of religion forget that, if we seem less devout than our ancestors, who burned men and women a few stone-throws from the C.N. office, we are much more merciful than they.

Every Westerner, even if he thinks he is not a religious man, is the product of long generations of men and women who have said the Lord's Prayer and read the Sermon on the Mount. That is why he does not keep slaves, or ill-use animals, or stone an enemy to death.

Religion is part of life, and we cannot escape from it.



Bush House Goes to Church

STANDING in the middle of the Strand at Somerset House is the church of St. Mary-le-Strand. For two hundred years its spire has stood high above the London traffic, but now it seems to have grown shorter, dwarfed by its big new neighbour, Bush House.

For many years the clock in the spire has been without hands, for the church could not afford to restore and maintain it. The London representative of the Bush Company heard of this, and decided that he could help.

All the clocks in Bush House are worked electrically from a master-clock, so a new clock face has been fitted in the spire of St. Mary's, and a wire carried across from the electric clock in Bush House!

Is it not splendid to think of this great business house stretching a friendly wire to the little old church and giving it the time?

How Kieta Gets the News

THE C.N. has always considered itself a small paper, a mere yacht compared with a great liner like The Times.

Yet a yacht looks big beside a dinghy, and the C.N. has felt larger ever since it heard that Kieta in the Solomon Islands has a newspaper of one typed sheet. If it were not for wireless Kieta would have no paper at all.

All things are comparative. The C.N. does not despise its contemporary for having a circulation of only eighteen copies. Perhaps it has a bigger hold on the population of Kieta than the C.N. has on the population of England. Probably there are no more than eighteen English-speaking people in Kieta.

The Widow's Mite

THOUSANDS of people were passing to and fro; gaiety and seriousness, the spirit of education and amusement, were sending people right and left down the Wembley highways and byways. Among them was a very poor woman.

Suddenly she was confronted by the collecting-box of the Trevesa lifeboat. She hesitated, and stood for a minute thinking. The gay crowds vanished; the shouts and laughter, the bands and bells, were silenced. Surging memories swept over her. Tears rushed to her eyes, and fumblingly, blindly, she sought for her lean purse, took a penny, dropped it into the box, and walked on.

She thought no one saw her; but someone behind had noticed the wet eyes and the downcast look, and it seemed that in the market of this world's favours and fortunes those tears had a price. Then was dropped into the box a Five-Pound Note, in memory of the widow's mite.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Heavy Crime

A SECOND-HAND bookseller was asked the other day whether he suffered from thieves. It looks easy enough for an unscrupulous man to slip a small volume into his pocket.

The bookseller replied that thefts were frequent, but the record was reached when an encyclopedia in many volumes disappeared.

The feat must have been as difficult as it was dishonest. Which encyclopedia, one wonders, could have tempted anyone to undertake it? The Editor of the Children's Encyclopedia begins to feel uneasy.

Tip-Cat

AN American denies that the British climate is impossible. But what a pity it is not!

A NEW slogan suggested is Saving the Empire. But who lost it?

IN the future everybody will have a car. By then the car will have had everybody else.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE wishes rural life could be made more attractive. Then even the Government might go to the country.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
Who tunes the
musical chairs

BRAZIL has cracked another nut. Another revolution is over.

A DOCTOR remarks that people are not kind to their feet. They tread on them.

As holiday attractions, the Polar bears at the Zoo are said to play second fiddle. They must have

got some performing ones.

A YORKSHIREMAN complains that he could not buy bananas in the Strand. He could if there had been any there.

EAT less bread, is the advice of a morning paper. In other words, cut the loaf.

What Shall We Do With Them?

A DOCTOR has been speaking of the lengthening of life, and we like what he said.

Twenty-five years ago, he said, the favourite topic was *What shall we do with our boys?* But those boys have now grown up, and the question they are asking is *What shall we do with our grandfathers?*

Found

The God that I had sought for years
By psalm and song and prayer,
I found one summer afternoon—
And Beauty, too, was there!

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

A No-Curiosity League

By the Man Who Would Found It

A curious idea it may seem, yet is there not a germ of wisdom in this No-Curiosity League which a correspondent suggests?

I KNOW that all Boy Scouts vow to do one good deed a day, and I know that the queer folk calling themselves the British Fascisti have banded themselves together to help to preserve law and order; but I want to see a No-Curiosity League.

Think for a moment. If there is a slight accident in the street, how quickly a crowd of idle people collects simply out of curiosity! How they embarrass the poor folk concerned in the accident! Not long ago I was driving along the road and a motor-cycle bumped into my back light. Of course I had to stop, and so did the cycle. The accident was no one's business but ours, yet a large crowd gathered round, though there was nothing to see, and greatly embarrassed the poor man who had hit my car, so that we were both flustered, and did not like to examine the damage thoroughly for fear of collecting a still larger crowd and impeding traffic.

The Crowd Nuisance

Think how much better it would have been if all those people had belonged to my No-Curiosity League! Having vowed to mind their own business and to avoid embarrassing their neighbours, they would have passed kindly on their separate ways.

And how much more useful would this League be in the case of a serious accident. What is it but morbid curiosity that induces a crowd to gather round to look on the suffering of its fellow-creatures, often depriving them even of the reviving air of which they so much stand in need?

It is difficult to account for the rudeness of people in the streets. In private life most of them would never think of prying into a neighbour's business in such a way. That is why my No-Curiosity League is so necessary, more particularly so because the persons pruned upon are quite helpless.

Boys and Grown-ups

I have tried asking the four or five little boys who always collect when I start my car to refrain from watching me, but, curiously enough, they always get angry and become rude. Grown-up people are the same. They seem to think they have a sort of right to stop and watch anything which goes on in the street. So, of course, they have; it is only a nice feeling towards their neighbour, or the fact of being a member of the No-Curiosity League, that would move them to pass on.

I shall hope to see a great diminution of such crowds when this article has appeared. Then I shall know, though we wear no badges and seek no distinction, that the membership of the No-Curiosity League has begun; and that very soon, though we do not know each other, we shall all be banded together to serve our neighbour in this small thing as we would wish to serve him in greater things.

October 4, 1924

The Children's Newspaper

7

600 MILES ON AN ICEBERG

HOW 21 DANES CAME HOME

A New Piece of Work for Shackleton's Ship

ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING VOYAGES EVER KNOWN

Twenty-one white-clad Danes with high seal-hide boots came tramping over the cobbles of Reykjavik, in Iceland, in the first week of September.

They were a queer sight, and all the Icelanders stood by the wharf-side to stare at them, for these men had sailed the Arctic seas not on a ship but on an iceberg, and had been plucked from death by a miracle. They had lost their ship, their iceberg had split beneath their feet, a storm had carried them to imminent destruction, and then the wind, veering round, had carried them within sight of safety.

Peril from drowning, peril from freezing, peril from starving to death, they had survived them all, and here they were back in Iceland, safe and well. No wonder the Iceland sailors and fishermen, who knew what peril means, stared at them.

Caught in the Ice-pack

They were the crew of the Danish ship *Teddy*, which was sent last year with fur-trappers and explorers to see whether Greenland could be lived in. They got there, did their job, started back in August, were caught in the ice-pack eleven days out at sea, and stayed there till at home they were given up for lost.

Being caught in an ice-pack is all in the day's work for an Arctic expedition. The ships are built for it, but the crew of the *Teddy* had an experience such as no men ever had before.

Their ship was jammed there for a month. Luck might have got it out, but it did not. The *Teddy* cracked under the strain. She leaked so that the pumps could not keep the water down.

Crew Elect Their Captain

The first thing to do was to put the best man they had in command. So the crew elected the young third officer, Louis Jensen, captain. Jensen was only 23, but he was the square peg in the leaky hole. "We'll get to Angmakalik for Christmas," said he. And he did. Angmakalik is a settlement in Greenland.

The first thing Jensen did was to take his men off the ship on to the biggest iceberg that had crushed them. It was a tidy-looking berg, 300 feet across, a good deal bigger than the little *Teddy*, which it towed beside it like a dinghy, and the strange companions bore south at about a mile an hour.

A Visit from the Bears

The deck-house and all the stores were moved to the iceberg. In the middle stood the deck-house, with the hammocks slung inside, the stores packed behind, and a workshop put up where sledges and sleeping-bags and winter clothing could all be got ready.

What a life they led in those desolate, ice-packed seas! Not entirely desolate, for polar bears would sometimes join them. As the crew were short of fresh meat, the visitors were sometimes shot. On the other hand, if they had not been shot, they would probably have eaten the explorers. But it is pleasant to record that one shaggy old polar bear who came prying about the deck-house when there was no meat-shortage was treated as a visitor. Someone played a tune on a concertina for him. He slept. He left next morning without breakfast.

That was all very well when the weather was fine, though even so, the chances of reaching Angmakalik, 600 miles away, by Christmas were not rosy. Suppose the weather changed, and the wind blew? It did. It blew a hurricane. A ship in a Greenland hurricane is no

THE BOY WHO TIED THE KNOTS

IN one of our English orphanages is a boy without hands who edits a school magazine.

By bringing together his two crippled arms he can hold his pen, and so has developed a certainty and delicacy of touch almost incredible. The orphanage report gives a specimen of his writing. It is this prayer for Boy Scouts:

Give them courage, and may their courage ever rest in their sure confidence in Thee. May they show self-control in the hour of success, patience in the time of adversity, and may their honour lie in seeking the honour and glory of Thy Name.

The prayer must have been answered in this boy's case, for he must have shown an uncommon courage and patience in overcoming his terrible handicap.

He is a Scout, one of a troop of cripples who will not despair. When he came up for his Tenderfoot test, and had, among other things, to tie various knots, the Scoutmaster wanted to make it easy for him, and suggested that if he tied one of the six knots that would suffice to win his badge.

"No fear," said the lad. "I won't take the badge if I can't tie the lot."

He did tie the lot, and got his badge on the same conditions as all the others.

That is a fine story and a fine spirit. It shows that the great succession of boys courageous is not failing. This boy reminds us of a gardener we used to hear of. He also was without hands, but somehow he managed to have the loveliest garden in that part of the country. People came for miles to see it.

A HALF-WAY HOUSE FOR THE BIRDS



These perches have just been fixed on top of the St. Catherine's lighthouse in the Isle of Wight for the use of birds on migration. Attracted by the glare of the lamp they fly against the glass, and these perch platforms prevent them being dashed downward. They rest and recover their strength before flying on

bed of roses. But a brittle iceberg! In the dark waste and middle of the night when all but the watch were in their hammocks, there was a crack like a cannon shot. Someone cried "We're flooded!" In the middle of the deck-house the iceberg had split. A crevasse six feet wide had opened beneath the hammocks, and the water was flooding up. The deck-house broke in half. The men, slipping and falling, made for the *Teddy*, their only raft in the storm.

Morning came, and the *Teddy* broke away, giving them only just time to scramble back to one half of the iceberg. The *Teddy* drifted away half a mile to the south. There was but one desperate chance for them. They must sledge it over the broken fragments of the ice-pack, if they could, and try to reach the distant shore of Greenland. When they got there it might be merely to starve, but it was the only way. So they started out with the sledges, and in the first

day they made only half a mile! The next day proved to be a little better. They actually overtook the *Teddy*, boarded her to take off stores, and left her. She sank two days later.

They were nearing their worst day now, for after another blizzard the ice to the south deserted them, and left them drifting towards the blackness and the certain death of the Arctic Sea.

Then again the wind changed, and bore them to the coast, and after a last threat to smash them against the granite cliffs, a sudden calm allowed them to land. Many perils and hardships still awaited them, but then came another miracle which led them to an Eskimo settlement. The worst was now over. They did reach Angmakalik by Christmas, and there they were found by the relief ship sent to look for them. The ship brought them home. It was Shackleton's Quest, and surely it was a fitting thing for such a ship to do?

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURE

FIRST SIGHT OF THE EVEREST PICTURES

Excited Porters See Themselves on the Screen

BURDEN-BEARERS 5 MILES UP

By Our Indian Correspondent

C.N. readers in India have had the opportunity of hearing the story and seeing the pictures of a great adventure before we have seen them at home.

The Everest pictures will be in London before this is published, but they will be second-hand. India saw them more than a month ago.

After a rest on the plateau of Tibet, so as to become accustomed again by degrees to lower altitudes, the members of the Everest Expedition retraced their steps to Darjeeling, and, after spending a few days looking to their properties and developing their photographs, parted with the hope of meeting again to finish what they had had to leave unfinished.

Distributing the Medals

But before going Dr. Somervell, who in ordinary life is a missionary doctor in South India, delivered most interesting lectures and showed many wonderful pictures to huge audiences in Darjeeling and Calcutta.

Lady Lytton, the wife of the Governor of Bengal, was at Dr. Somervell's Darjeeling lecture, and presented Olympic medals to five of the bravest Bhutia porters who accompanied the Expedition. Some of these had carried loads to a height of 27,600 feet, and the lecturer generously admitted that these were the men who made the expedition possible. There were actually six men worthy of the honour, but only five medals had been sent, and so lots were drawn for the odd man to be left out. It is hoped that he, too, will eventually get his medal.

Excited Porters

Most of the members of the expedition were present at this Darjeeling lecture, and the back of the theatre was packed with the porters and their wives and families, for most of them come from the Darjeeling district. The excitement became almost uncontrollable as the men saw themselves in the pictures and were able to point out to their families the places they had passed through, some of them five miles high.

The lecturer traced the course of the expedition from Darjeeling to the highest point reached, and pictures were shown of some very interesting and quaint Tibetan towns, including Phari Jhong, which has the honour of being reputed the dirtiest town on Earth. When the snow pictures were shown it seemed that each one was more wonderful than the one before it—great snow peaks, immense glaciers, and raging snow-storms.

Dr. Somervell pointed in one of the pictures to the spot where Mallory and Irvine were last seen "going strong for the top."

The Lonely Cairn

It is hoped that one of the highest Himalayan mountains will be named after Mallory, but the names of these two men will always be remembered.

Before they left the base camp to return to civilisation the explorers built a cairn in memory of all those who had given their lives on Everest.

The profits from the lectures and the films will be used to pay off the expenses of the expedition, and to provide funds for "next time." To hear these men who have gone through so much, and have faced such dangers, say the words "next time" makes one thrill. We feel that British pluck is not yet dead, and that the quiet confidence of these men means nothing less than that next time will see the task accomplished.

1000 MILES UP A GREAT RIVER

A STEAMER FOR THE AMAZON

Tourists in the Heart of Virgin Forests

OFF THE TRACK OF CIVILISATION

What would the adventurous sea-captains of Elizabeth's time have said if they had been told that their descendants would visit the virgin forests of Brazil in a tourist steamer?

That is what is happening this autumn. A British steamship company is sending one of its finest vessels, a liner of 7000 tons, on a six weeks' tour from Liverpool, in the course of which she will sail up the Amazon river as far as Manaus, a comparatively new field for tourists.

Biggest River in the World

The Amazon is the largest, probably the longest, certainly the widest river in the world. It is 100 miles from bank to bank where the fresh water begins. More than once sailors shipwrecked in the estuary have imagined themselves in the open sea, and have suffered tortures of thirst till some desperate spirit among them has drunk the water and found it sweet and fresh.

The Amazon flows between magnificent forests, where the anaconda, gliding easily through lianas impenetrable to man, hunts the prey that he will swallow alive. Its yellow waters harbour the turtle, the alligator, and giant fish.

There are wonderful birds with shimmering plumage, huge butterflies with gaily-coloured wings, queer native villages, monkeys that howl in the soundless electric storms, when the jungle is illuminated as if in some strange dream, a panorama of beauty that changes by day and night; and, above all, the mystery of the eternal forest, which even today is so little explored that the traveller may find himself in land where the foot of a white man has never trod in 400 years.

Untamed Tribes of the Jungle

Strange tales are told of the tribes that live in the jungle, untamed and savage, keeping to themselves like the wild animals that are their neighbours. There is even a tale of an English sailor who was rescued from starvation by natives of the river-land, and settled down among them and became their chieftain. He was happy till the rubber traders came and robbed him of his plantation, and sent him and his tribe into the wilderness once more.

No less than fifty thousand miles of the Amazon and its great tributaries are navigable for big steamers. The sea-tide that comes up into the mouth of the main river for about 400 miles, working against the stream itself, produces the bore or wall of water known as the Pororoca, which is sometimes very dangerous for smaller craft, and is said to have given the Amazon its name, which comes from the Portuguese version of an Indian word meaning boat-destroyer.

A Land of Vast Wealth

But apart from this navigation is a simple matter, and vast wealth in rubber, nuts, and other produce is borne down the stream to the famous port of Para, on the estuary of the Para River, up which the steamers from the Atlantic sail.

But perhaps the most remarkable feature of this strange land is that there should be found, a thousand miles from the main track of civilisation, isolated in the heart of the woods, at the meeting of the two mighty rivers, the Rio Negro and the Amazon itself, a fine modern town, the city of Manaus, with trams and electric light, theatres, shops, and other conveniences. Here is a good end to the good ship's journey.

EARTH'S ONLY CHILD

Weather on the Moon CHANGES THAT ARE SEEN

For many years Professor W. H. Pickering, the Harvard astronomer, has observed the Moon, "Earth's only child," and has scanned its surface for signs of change; and he has never wavered from his belief that it does show slight changes from time to time.

He has also always maintained that, thin and slight as the atmosphere of the Moon must be, always granting that it has an atmosphere, it would enable certain kinds of vegetation to spring up, watered by the moisture coming from below the crust, and stirred to rapid life and growth by the fierce heat of the Sun during its long, long day.

Most of the changes which astronomers like himself believe they detect on the Moon are due to this springing up and dying down of the Moon plants on the Moon fields. As the moisture exuding from the Moon changes its amount and locality, perhaps the Moon fields change their place too. But Professor Pickering thinks that perhaps there may even be clouds at times over the Moon, very uncertain in their appearance and very slowly moving.

POOR BLUEY

Motorists Please Drive More Carefully

Bluey was one of the most valuable cattle dogs in Australia.

He had taken many prizes and was worth a good sum of money. But that is not why a man is lonely in Sydney today. Bluey was the dear friend of his owner, Lieutenant McKay, V.C. "He was my pal," said the soldier, "the best pal a man ever had."

It happened very terribly and very quickly. Bluey was out with his master, careering joyfully about. The man went into a shop for two or three minutes. There was the flash of a car driven by a careless and callous driver, and down in the gutter a blue-grey heap moved convulsively for an instant and was still. It was the end of poor Bluey.

Lieutenant McKay came out in time to see the last agonised look, the last flicker of the stumpy tail. The murderous car was now far away, and the man who had faced battles without a flinch knelt and wept over his dog.

All those who have known what it is to love a dog will grieve with Lieutenant McKay about Bluey; and the C.N. hopes that all who drive cars and motor-cycles will remember this—one of many such tragedies—and realise that the road belongs to all living beings, and is not the private property of the demon of speed.

TRIBES RULED BY WOMEN

Strange Stories from Formosa

Strange news comes from the beautiful but savage island of Formosa, off the coast of China, which the Japanese captured in the Chino-Japanese war of 1895.

A Scottish lady, Mrs. McGovern, who has spent several years on the island in the service of the Mikado, and has come back to England, says that two tribes in the island, the Paiwans and the Paiumas, isolated in the mountains, have women for their chiefs. The headship is passed from mother to daughter, a man being selected only when the queen dies leaving no daughter.

Among another tribe, the Taiyals, the smaller communities have either a man or a woman for their chief, according to votes, and the chosen ruler is usually the one who has had most success in chasing rain-devils from the harbours.

GOOD WORK OF THE BRITISH LEGION

The British Legion, which exists for helping ex-soldiers and sailors who fought in the war, has helped 4000 men into businesses of their own, and lent them £120,000, of which £40,000 has already been paid back.

LIFE'S CRADLE

TROUBLE WITH THE WATERS

Unending Strife of Man with the Sea

WHEN XERXES PUNISHED THE WAVES

All life came from the water, and the ancient cradle seems disposed to follow its children to their homes on the land.

Engineers have lately begun the task of snatching back 400 acres which the sea has seized in the Wash.

There are five million Chinese homeless in the province of Chihli as the result of the flooding of their province for the second time within seven years. There are men at work day and night to keep the sea out of Holland, which lies for the most part beneath the level of the ocean; and there is the spectacle of the old French statesman, Clemenceau, robbed already of 600 yards of his land by the sea, valiantly declaring that he will have the last word in the matter!

The strife between life and the waters is unending, and must be so when we reflect that the seas cover five-sevenths of the globe, and that from out of the lands humanity inhabits there flows to the ocean every year 6500 million cubic yards of water by way of the rivers.

It took mankind long to learn that its engineers are its only safeguards against the waters, and not its kings. One of the strangest tableaux in history comes to mind in this connection.

Whipping the Water

When Xerxes, King of Persia and Egypt, arrived 25 centuries ago with his vast army of fighting men on the Asian shore of the Dardanelles, he caused a bridge to be made leading to the other side for the invasion of Greece. The sea washed away his structure, so Xerxes set himself to teach the sea a lesson.

He gave orders that it should receive 300 strokes of the lash, that a pair of fetters should be cast into it in token of its ignominy, and that it should be branded with red-hot irons.

Those who thus chastised the sea, said, as they inflicted the strokes, "Thou bitter water, thy lord lays on thee this punishment because thou hast wronged him without a cause, having suffered no evil at his hands. Verily King Xerxes will cross thee, whether thou wilt or no. Well dost thou deserve that no man should honour thee with sacrifice, for thou art of a truth treacherous and unsavoury."

So Xerxes chastised the waves, and yet he may not have been so childish as he seems, for while some of his men were punishing the sea others were cutting off the heads of the men who had built a bridge so easily destroyed.

WIRELESS POWER

Generating Electricity at the Poles

Sending power of almost any amount by wireless may be much nearer accomplishment than we think, if a new theory proves to be correct. This theory is that as we go upwards towards space we very soon reach, in a mile or two, a region where electricity can travel without loss. The air very high up is so rarefied that it represents almost a vacuum, and a vacuum offers no resistance to the passage of electricity of the right kind.

The vision of modern electricians is to make use of the huge mineral resources of the Arctic and generate electricity in the Polar regions; then to transmit this power in the form of wireless waves to aërials suspended from balloons attached to towers.

Such an idea would have seemed nonsense a few years ago, but recent researches in the upper atmosphere, coupled with the Marconi beam system of directing wireless energy towards a given spot, bring the possibilities of wireless power within practical realms.

A PICTURE PIONEER

Memorial to a Photographer

A FOX-TALBOT TABLET

There has lately been unveiled at the London home of the Royal Photographic Society, in Russell Square, a fine tablet to the memory of William Henry Fox-Talbot, one of the early inventors of photographic processes.

He was born and lived his life at Lacock Abbey in Wiltshire. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and afterwards studied lenses and chemical changes of colour. This led him to the discovery that paper coated with a solution containing silver nitrate would darken if exposed to light, and he actually took a photograph of a window at Lacock Abbey on a piece of paper which he prepared by exposing it in a camera. He also made pictures of fern leaves which he placed against the prepared paper, and by exposing this to light he obtained pictures of the leaves.

When he was forty he patented his Calotype process, in which the image formed by the light was afterwards "developed" in much the same way as we now develop films and plates. He also made an important discovery which led to photographic methods of reproducing pictures in books and newspapers.

When we realise that practically all the blocks used by printers for illustrations in books and papers depend on the use of photography, and that photography is used in a multitude of ways by doctors, chemists, and manufacturers, and when we remember the pleasure we derive from our own happy snapshotting, we shall see how fitting it is that the name of William Henry Fox-Talbot should be widely remembered.

BIG APPLE SHOP

850,000 Customers and 12 Million Apples

In the Australian Pavilion at Wembley is a shop very charming to behold, for its counters are piled high with pyramids of apples.

Quantocks ruddy in baskets; Cox's with their tanned cheeks on trays; Peasgood's Nonsuch and Pippins; all the apples a boy can name are there, and all have come from Australia to the biggest fruit shop in the world.

That is what the Apple Shop at Wembley is. Since Wembley opened in April, the flow of apples to and from the counters has never ceased. No fewer than 12 million apples have passed, as one might say, through the turnstiles, for that is the number which has been sold to 850,000 customers.

Apples are over in Australia for this year, but frozen storage will supply some more, and as 60,000 cardboard boxes of dried Australian fruits are also sold every week, when Wembley closes the Australian fruits ought to equal the Wembley visitors in numbers.

CATCHING INSECTS

New Use for the Flash Lamp

A pocket flash lamp at the seaside may be made to act like a magic wand and to magnetise all kinds of marine objects, which are attracted to the light as a moth is to a candle flame.

A scientific journal has been describing how, with the lighted bulb of a flash lamp fitted into a test-tube or a small bottle, the light can be plunged under the water in a pond, or under the sea in rock pools or harbours, when myriads of the tiny creatures of the water will swarm round it.

It is a new and easy way of collecting specimens for the microscope, and shows how the inhabitants of dark and brackish water find light to their liking when they have the opportunity of knowing it.

EXAMINING THE SEA

A NEW SEARCH OF THE VASTY DEEPS

Where Things Burst Inwards and Explosions are Impossible

A GREAT ENTERPRISE

The most complete survey of the ocean from top to bottom ever attempted is now being organised by the Hydrographic Office of the United States Navy, and every scientific department of the American Government and many learned societies are taking part and assisting in this great survey.

Unlike others, such as that of the Challenger, it will not consist of a globe-girdling expedition, but certain comparatively small sections of the ocean will be taken, and of these there will be intensive study. The areas now being considered for this close examination are the Aleutian Islands region of the Bering Sea and the Caribbean Sea. Ships are to be fitted out with complete laboratories, which will include all the very latest apparatus likely to prove useful in the research.

The Salt in the Sea

There will be particular investigations into the composition of the water of the ocean. Already 32 of the 92 elements known to exist have been found in sea water, and scientists believe that most of the others are there and await only careful analysis to bring them to light. Throughout the ocean there are about 35 pounds of salts of various kinds to each thousand pounds of sea water, or about five million tons of salts in all, and the new expedition will pay close attention to the composition of these salts.

Then there will be new and more perfect methods of discovering the pressure at great depths. In the deeps it is at present estimated that the pressure is at least five tons to the square inch, but more exact and accurate knowledge is expected when the new expedition gets to work. New experiments along this line will be carried out and surprising results are expected.

The Flattened Tube

On an oceanographic voyage not long ago a scientist wrapped a sealed glass tube in cloth, placed it inside a copper cylinder, and, after weighting the apparatus and attaching it to a line, threw it overboard where the depth of the sea was several miles. When it was drawn up again the cylinder was crushed flat, as if it had been pounded with a hammer.

Owing to the enormous pressure at these vast depths, objects and creatures which go down suffer from implosion, which is the opposite of explosion. Instead of bursting outward they burst inward, the result of the pressure.

Big Eyes and Big Mouths

On the other hand, of course, creatures which live far down—and strange creatures they are, nearly all mouth and eye—burst outwards if brought up where the pressure is relieved. The large eyes are due to the little light which penetrates to the deeps, and the large mouths enable the creatures to take in as much food as possible where food is rare and scarce.

The importance of the sea to man is more and more coming to be realised. It is the great fountain of health and hygiene; it helps to distribute more equably the heat of the sun; it aids agriculture and purifies the air; it provides the rain and distributes the dust of the Earth; it yields a rich harvest of food for man, and unites the most distant lands by a great and easily-traversed highway that can never get out of repair. Any means, therefore, that are taken to increase our knowledge of it must add to its usefulness.

HOW WELL ARE YOU?

A New Way of Finding Out

PARIS DOCTOR'S IDEA

By Our Medical Correspondent

"Very well, thank you," is what most people like to reply when asked how they are, but sometimes they want to ask the doctor how ill they are.

The doctor very wisely sometimes does not tell them, even if he knows, but it is important to him to know exactly. A doctor in Paris has introduced a new method of finding out which is as yet still in its infancy, and applies only to a few of the ills we suffer from: but it may be widely extended as knowledge of it goes on, and at present it is very useful in the case of tuberculosis.

Patients suffering from it vary in their condition almost from day to day. If the doctor knows exactly how much the disease is gripping them he can tell how much or how little the treatment is of benefit to them.

The Witness of the Blood

Tuberculosis is what is called a chronic disease, and in such diseases it is important to know exactly how ill or how well the patient is. Under this new method the illness or wellness, as shown by the patient's blood, can be expressed in figures. A sample of the patient's blood is taken, and all the red corpuscles are filtered out of it, so that it remains a clear yellowish liquid. With it is then mixed some special kind of thin gum. The mixture becomes cloudy. When the blood is quite healthy the mixture should become cloudy to a certain extent, which can be measured and is known. If the blood is unhealthy or infected the cloudiness increases.

The cloudiness can be measured by a special optical instrument, and the amount can be read off on a scale like a Centigrade thermometer, reading from 0 to 100. The figure obtained on the scale represents the degree of infection of the blood, and therefore, in a general way, the seriousness of the illness. In other words, it tells the doctor just how ill the patient is.

SANDY AND NERO

A Dog Story from Glasgow

The following dog story comes from Glasgow.

Sandy is a yellow dog, half collie, half Irish terrier. He has a face full of mild benevolence, and his temper matches his appearance.

He is friendly with other dogs outside, except Nero, the black retriever. Him he hates.

The reason for this is that Sandy's mistress sometimes pats Nero and calls him a fine dog; as indeed he is. On such occasions Sandy chases and fights Nero.

Sandy one day came in with a bad wound on his foreleg. His mistress washed it, put dressings on, and carefully bound it up. In ten minutes Sandy had removed every trace of dressing.

This happened several times. At last his mistress, after the usual dressing, took strong adhesive tape and bound it firmly round the leg.

Looking from the window a little later she saw Sandy and Nero in close conversation. So surprising was the sight that she continued watching; and the result of the interview was that Nero helped Sandy to get off his hated dressing. Nero pulled at the tape with all his might, and Sandy stood firm, till in triumph he returned to the house with a yard of the tape trailing from his leg.

The wound healed under Sandy's constant lickings, but the friendship with Nero ceased with the need of it, and no one knows if Sandy ever repaid the valuable services rendered by his enemy.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

Has a Fish a Heart?

Yes; a fish's heart consists of one auricle and one ventricle, and is situated in a special cavity just behind the gills.

What is the Depth of Wast Water in Cumberland?

This lake is three miles long by half a mile wide, and is 258 feet deep.

How Does a Cat Purr?

It is not known exactly, but a cat has vocal cords just as we have, and no doubt these vibrate and set its body vibrating.

Why is Birmingham Called Brummagen?

This is simply a corrupted pronunciation, in the same way as Whittingham is sometimes pronounced Whittingjem.

What is Amontillado?

A name for a sherry wine light in colour and with little sweetness. Edgar Allan Poe wrote a very dramatic story called The Cask of Amontillado.

Why Cannot Everest be Conquered by Aeroplane?

Because of the rarity of the atmosphere and the severe weather conditions in the high altitudes of the Himalayas.

What is a Parthian Shot?

A Parthian shot, or shaft, is a remark reserved for the moment of one's departure, like the arrows the Parthians used to discharge while riding at full speed away from the enemy.

How Many Miles do Wireless Waves Travel a Second?

The same as light, 186,000 miles a second. The knowledge is obtained by scientists by very complicated calculations, too difficult to explain here.

What is the Origin of the Expression "Ear-Mark"?

This term, which means marked so as to be recognised, is an illusion to the marking of sheep and cattle on the ear so that their ownership may be readily recognised.

What do the Names Audrey, Vera, and Selina Mean?

Audrey means noble counsellor, or noble threatener. It is a contraction of Etheldreda. Vera is sometimes derived from the Latin, when it means true woman, and sometimes from the Slavonic, when it means faith. Selina means Moon.

What is the Difference Between a Flag and a Standard?

Flag is a general term for a piece of coloured material bearing symbols and flown from a staff or halyard. Standard is the term for a distinctive flag, such as that of a cavalry regiment or the royal standard of the King.

On What Should Guinea-Pigs be Fed?

They should be given three meals a day. In the morning give bread and milk, at noon a little sweet meadow or clover hay, and in the evening green food and a handful of white oats. When green food is scarce give sliced carrots, swedes, or turnips. A dish of fresh water should be kept in their box.

What is Bracken?

Bracken, known also as bracken-fern and brake, is one of the large, coarse ferns which grow in open, sunny places. It belongs to the group of cryptogams, or flowerless plants, and instead of producing seeds it produces what are known as spores, in sporangia or spore cases that form in clusters near the margins of the undersides of the leaflets. The margins are incurved over them to protect them.

Why is Marmalade Not Called Orange Jam?

Marmalade is from a Portuguese word marmelada, which means a conserve of quinces, and the first marmalade was quince jam. Then when oranges were preserved with sugar the same name was given to this conserve; and as we had our first marmalade or marmalade recipe from Portugal we called the product marmalade, and have done so ever since.

What is Blushing?

Blushing is the result of the blood-vessels becoming dilated by the action of the central nervous system. Nervous impulses are started in some part of the brain by an emotion, and produce certain changes in the central nervous system, with the result that the muscular walls of the arteries of the head and face relax, the arteries dilate, and the whole region becomes suffused. The only way to avoid blushing is to become so familiar with the situations causing it that we are at ease and the emotions are not roused.

TWO LITTLE MOONS OF MARS

HOW THEY RISE AND SET

Satellite that Rushes Across the Sky

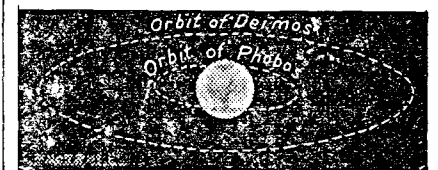
EARTH SEEN FROM ANOTHER PLANET

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Next Sunday it will be Midsummer Day on Mars, in his southern hemisphere, which is now so prominent and exhibiting many interesting features.

It is also midwinter in his northern hemisphere, but at present these regions are to a great extent turned away from us, so were Britain there we should see very little more than the southern tip of England.

Were we ourselves also there the heavens, from Mars, would present a strange yet quite familiar spectacle. The constellations, such as the great



The paths of the two moons of Mars

Bear, Orion, and all the rest, would appear precisely the same, but the morning sky would contain two lustrous orbs, before sunrise, that are missing from our own terrestrial sky.

One would be our Earth, resembling Venus as we saw her in July and August last, and just about as bright. Then there would be a smaller luminary, which would be seen first on one side of the larger one; then in the course of nearly a week it would gradually close up to, and come out at the other side of, the larger one, spending nearly a fortnight each side of it.

Needless to say, the smaller body is our Moon as seen from Mars, with the naked eye; but, seen through telescopes, the Earth and Moon would just now appear as two lovely crescents.

Other interesting phenomena of the Martian skies would be provided by his two moons; these little satellites, though only perceptible to us through very powerful telescopes, are fairly prominent objects as seen from Mars.

Deimos, the farther satellite, is but 12,500 miles above an observer on Mars, or 14,600 miles from the centre of the planet. It travels round Mars in 34 hours, 18 minutes, covering nearly 88,000 miles at about 50 miles a minute.

Now as Mars turns on his axis in the same direction once in 24 hours, 37 minutes, an observer would, to a certain extent, follow Deimos, so that this moon would be visible for about 66 hours at a time, 132 hours intervening between two successive risings.

Moon Ten Miles in Diameter

Deimos was estimated by the late Professor Lowell to be but 10 miles in diameter, so, though exhibiting all the phases of our Moon, it would appear very small; our Moon giving us 1200 times the light Deimos gives to Mars.

It is Phobos, the larger satellite, that would most impress the Martians—if such beings exist. Being only 3700 miles above their world's surface, it would appear much larger than Deimos, bestowing about one-sixtieth the light on Mars that our Moon does on Earth.

It is the fact that Phobos whirls round Mars in but 7 hours and 39 minutes that produces the remarkable spectacular effect of a moon rushing across the sky in about five and a half hours, and passing from "new" to "full" in that short time.

Rising in the west and setting in the east makes it appear to travel contrary to all other heavenly bodies, and frequently to eclipse them.

G. F. M.
Other Worlds. In the morning Venus and Mercury are in the east. In the evening Mars and Uranus south, Jupiter south-west.

THE MUD PUPS

An Exciting Story of
a School by the Sea

What Has Happened Before

Russell Arnold, a schoolmaster, inherits Salthorpe School from a relative. While he and his sister Bess are on their way to take possession they are caught by the tide, but are rescued by Jack Seagrave, a boy employed by Farmer Soper, whose land adjoins Salthorpe.

To raise money for the school, Mr. Arnold is advised by Mr. Jarvis, the assistant master, to sell 200 acres of land to Soper; but he makes an enemy of the farmer.

Jack Seagrave suggests that the school should farm the land, and Mr. Arnold arranges a mortgage. He makes Jack a pupil at Salthorpe, and Jarvis proposes to Soper that the boy should be got rid of by Soper's brother, the owner of a trawler.

Jack and Mr. Arnold go to a sale and outbid Soper for three cows, leaving him only a bad-tempered black one. Jack is driving home the cows when he is attacked by Soper.

CHAPTER 16

Jack Jumps a Fence

JACK kept his head and, just as the big farmer was almost on top of him, sprang nimbly aside, then, darting forward, managed to get the black cow between himself and his enemy.

Round came Soper again angrier than ever.

"Wait till I get my hands on you!" he cried. "I'll make you sorry."

Jack glanced desperately around, but the road was a lonely one and there was no one in sight.

"I'll be lucky if I get out of it alive," was the thought that flashed through his mind. More than once Soper had beaten him till he was almost insensible, but never before had he seen the man in such a fury as he was now.

Help came from the last quarter that Jack had expected.

The black cow had hated being taken from her home and had already made several attempts to turn back, attempts which had been met by showers of blows from Soper's stick and violent abuse from him and his son. The blows, the heat and thirst, had not improved her queer temper, and now, seeing her enemy ahead instead of behind her, and apparently charging straight at her, she suddenly took the offensive.

Down went her head, and a Spanish bull could hardly have charged more swiftly.

"Look out!" yelled Jack, and Soper with a violent contortion did just manage to escape Blacky's full rush.

But one of her horns went right through the right-hand flap of Soper's coat, and in an instant he was twisted round, whirled off his feet, and banged against the cow's side.

To save himself he flung one arm around the cow's neck.

"Help! Help!" he shrieked as he was dragged along backwards by the rush of the infuriated animal.

"He'll be killed," thought Jack as he darted after the cow.

She, hampered by the farmer's sixteen stone of weight and half blinded by the coat which was over one eye, could not run as fast as she otherwise would have done, and with a tremendous effort Jack managed to catch the trailing halter rope, then, digging both heels into the ground, he flung his weight backward.

He was dragged for several yards, but his weight and Soper's together checked the cow's mad rush; and just at that moment Soper's coat ripped, and he fell with a heavy thud in the road.

Released from his weight, and more scared than ever, the cow quickened her pace, and Jack could hold her no longer. The rope

Told by T. C. Bridges
the C. N. Storyteller

was dragged from his hands, and Blacky swerved, turned right round and went galloping away in the direction of her old home.

Soper's breath had been knocked out of his body by the fall, but now he was scrambling to his feet again.

"Stop her! Stop her!" he panted hoarsely. "Stop her, Alfred!"

But Alfred, seated by the roadside with a dirty handkerchief pressed to his bleeding nose, showed no inclination to do anything of the sort.

"It's all your fault!" roared Soper, advancing again on Jack in a very threatening style.

Jack glanced at his own cows, which were grazing peacefully on the strip of grass by the roadside. They at any rate showed no signs of bolting.

"I'm not going to let him catch me again," he said to himself, and, turning quickly, jumped the low fence down into the marsh which lay between the road and the sea-wall.

CHAPTER 17

Soper Takes a Mud Bath

THIS so-called sea-marsh was pasture land reclaimed from the sea and protected from the tide by a great sea-wall. It was drained by broad ditches which emptied through the wall by means of sluices. Here and there were planks laid across the ditches to enable labourers to cross them.

Jack had hardly landed on the soft grass before he heard Soper crashing after him. But he had his plan already cut and dried, and was not particularly scared. He sprinted with all his might for the nearest of these plank bridges, and gained it thirty or forty yards ahead of his pursuer. Darting across, he stooped and, seizing the plank, hauled it after him.

Soper was furious when he realised how he had been caught. He raved, he stamped, he swore, and Jack stood facing him, with tight lips and a scornful look in his eyes.

"Put that plank back," shouted Soper. "Put it back, I tell you!"

"That is exactly what I have no intention of doing," returned Jack with a slight smile.

Soper stopped fuming and stared at him.

"If you think that, just because that fine friend of yours has taken you up, you can give me cheek I'll tell you you're mistaken," he said with vicious emphasis. "He'll soon find the place too hot to hold him, and as for you, I've got you taped out, my lad."

There was something so malignant in the man's face and voice that Jack felt a shiver run down his spine. But he kept a bold face.

"Thank you for warning me," he answered. "But it would take more than you to scare Mr. Arnold; and, if you ask me, I think it's you who will be cleared out, not he."

Jack's words sent Soper into a fresh fury, and suddenly he turned and ran back a few steps. Before Jack quite realised what the man was about, Soper had taken a short fierce run and leaped the ditch.

Leaped it, that is, in so far that his feet actually struck the bank on Jack's side. But the bank overhanging a little, and the overhanging edge was not strong enough to bear the big man's weight. It broke, letting him down into the dyke with a tremendous splash.

The water was less than two feet deep, but the bottom was mud—dark grey, soupy stuff made of fine clay silt, about the consistency of stiff porridge and as holding as warm glue. Into this Soper sank to his knees while the water came well above his waist.

Clutching at the bank with both hands, he made an effort to climb out, but whenever he lifted one leg the other sank deeper. His great

shiny face went grey and Jack saw cold fright in his little pig-like eyes.

"Help me out!" he shrieked.

Jack stood and looked at him.

"Why should I?" he asked.

"Help me out," begged Soper. "I'm drowning."

"Oh no, you are not," said Jack. "You won't drown as long as you hold on to the bank. And you can hardly expect me to help you after your threats."

"I won't touch you. I promise I won't touch you," cried Soper.

"I know your promises," said Jack coldly. "And I wouldn't trust you on your oath. I'm not taking any more chances. I'll send Alfred to help you."

Without giving Soper another chance to speak Jack turned, ran up the dyke, crossed it by another bridge, and regained the road where he found Alfred still sitting disconsolately on the hedge bank.

Jack went straight up to him. Oddly enough, he had lost all fear of the big lout, and he could not help smiling a little as he saw Alfred shrink away.

"Your father's fallen into a dyke, Alfred," said Jack quietly. "He's stuck in the mud, and you'd best go and pull him out. Be sharp, or he'll stick there for good."

Without a word, Alfred got up and crossed the road, and Jack, paying no further attention to him or his father, walked after his cows and drove them steadily back to the school.

CHAPTER 18

Playing the Game

NOR a word did Jack say to Mr. Arnold, but at tea he told Darcy just what had happened. When he spoke of Soper's threat he was surprised to see Darcy turn suddenly serious.

"Got you taped out. Is that what the fellow said?" demanded Darcy.

"Those were his words, Darcy, but I don't think they amount to much. Soper was always the sort to bluster."

"I've a notion this is a bit more than bluster, Jack my lad," replied Darcy. "Look at the way you've been knocking him the last few days. Soper has lost those sea-marshes and all that rich grazing. He's lost the milk contract for the school. You put Arnold up to buying the best of those cattle, and now you've ended up by licking his son and leaving him in a muck hole. If I was in his shoes I wouldn't love you, Jack, and you take it from me that Pa Soper has it in for you."

Jack was impressed by Darcy's unusual gravity.

"But what can he do?" he asked. "Of course I know he would hammer me if he got a chance, but,

you can trust me, I'm not going to give him the chance."

Darcy nodded.

"I hope you won't," he said drily, "but merely licking you won't help him. What he'd like to do is to shift you altogether."

Jack stared.

"But he couldn't," he said slowly.

"Don't be too sure about that, old son. Meantime keep your eyes open, and don't go mouching about alone. And now you'd better come along to the playing-ground. We're going to have a knock-up."

"But I don't play cricket," said Jack.

"Then the sooner you learn the better," answered Darcy. "I'm captaining one side and I'll have you in my lot."

Jack knew it was no use objecting, and anyhow he was anxious to learn; but when he found that Jenner was captaining the other side, and that Jarvis was present, he did not feel happy.

Jenner scowled when he saw Jack, but did not venture to object openly. Secretly he was rather afraid of Darcy, who was quite the best boxer in the school and about the best all-round at games.

Jarvis was not so reticent.

"So there is something our cowboy does not know," he said sneeringly. "He is coming to learn the game of cricket?"

Darcy spoke up.

"If he's as good with the bat as he is with his fists he'll be all right, sir."

"What do you mean?" demanded Jarvis sourly. "Has he been fighting?"

"A lout attacked him on the road, sir, son of that chap Soper. But Seagrave knocked him out."

Jarvis's face went black as thunder and he glared at Darcy, whose face, however, was looking as innocent as a lamb's.

Darcy won the toss, and his side went in to bat. Jenner bowled at one end, Pringle at the other. Jenner bowled a fast, straight ball, and wickets fell fast. Indeed, Darcy was the only one able to keep his end up.

He had made 27 out of 43 when it came to Jack's turn to bat.

Jack saw a nasty gleam in Jenner's eyes as he faced him, and he knew that he was in for a hot time. Sure enough, the first ball came straight at his legs, and hit him hard on the knee. It hurt like fury, but he bit his lip and managed, not without difficulty, to block the next two with his bat.

For the fourth ball Jenner took a longer run than usual and slung the ball in with all his force. It bumped, took Jack in the middle, and next moment he lay writhing on the turf.

Darcy turned on Jenner.

"You did that on purpose," he said, in a level voice, and without another word he put up his fists and knocked Jenner down.

Jarvis, who was umpiring, strode up.

"What do you mean by striking the bowler?" he demanded, glaring at him furiously.

"I did it because he deserved it, sir," replied Darcy. "He threw the ball at Seagrave."

"He did nothing of the sort," retorted the master. "It was a perfectly fair ball. This comes of your bringing in a boy who knows nothing of cricket."

Darcy gazed up coolly at the angry man.

"At any rate, Seagrave tries to play the game," he answered.

Jarvis glared at Darcy as if he could not believe his ears. Then his temper went to the winds, and catching hold of Darcy by the shoulders he shook him until his teeth rattled.

"I'll teach you to be impudent," he snarled. "I'll read you a lesson."

Again and again he shook him savagely until Darcy went limp in the great hands that gripped him.

The other boys came running up. "What shall we do?" gasped one. "He'll kill Darcy."

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Friend of Children

AN attorney's son born in Dublin in 1729 seemed to have little prospect of future greatness, yet he was to make a name that would stand out in the annals of the British Empire.

At school he read much, being particularly delighted with history and poetry; but he also showed an interest in practical affairs and gave indications of a fierce hatred of oppression which marked him in his later career.

A poor old man near the village where he went to school was compelled by the parish authorities to pull down his hut on the plea that it was too near the highway, and the spirited boy declared that were he a man and possessed of authority he would see that the poor were not oppressed.

Going from school to Trinity College, Dublin, he took a degree and two years later proceeded to London where he entered at the Middle Temple. But he soon tired of law and took up literary work and politics.

His gifted speeches made him a force to be reckoned with, and he soon became known for his advocacy of sound constitutional statesmanship. He was appointed private secretary to the Prime Minister of the day, and developed a wise and conciliatory American policy which for a time quieted the opposition in the colonies. But the Government was dismissed, and when its successors followed with a policy which led to the War of Independence, the young politician still used his pen and his tongue in the interests of conciliation.

Yet for the last fourteen years of his life this great and able man who, according to general consent, ranks as one of the foremost political thinkers in British history, held no office.

His chief recreation and delight seems to have been playing with children whom he greatly loved, and once he took a whole crowd of poor children into a puppet show, when he found them standing outside looking longingly at the door.

Though in the main a friend of freedom he strongly opposed the French Revolution.

He was a great foe of European oppression in India, and his greatest feat was a speech lasting four days in Westminster Hall during the impeachment of a Governor-General of India.

The distinguished politician had a chequered private life as he was almost constantly in debt, and just as he was to be raised to the peerage as Lord Beaconsfield his only son died,

a blow from which he never recovered, for they had been the closest and dearest of companions, and the loss of all his hopes led to the rapid decline of his bodily powers. Here is his portrait. Who was he?





Gone are the Birds that Were Our Summer Guests



DI. MERRYMAN

"HERE is that half-crown I borrowed from you last year," said a man to an acquaintance. "No, thanks; you keep it," replied the other. "After all this time I don't think it's worth while changing my opinion of you just for half-a-crown."

Do You Know Me?

A WANDERING minstrel I,
I hop from door to door.
You give me bread but never pence,
Although you call me poor.

My coat of many pieces is,
As beggars' coats can be;
It is of divers colours too,
And well it suiteth me.

I bear a Christian name,
But I'm not that indeed;
Yet though I'm not a Christian,
A sinless life I lead.

At church I've often been
When Christians worshipped there,
And, though I never knelt with them,
I've joined the chanted prayer.

Answer next week

If a chairman takes the chair, there
is no reason why an airman
should not take the air.

Is Your Name Tate?

THE names Tate and Tait can sometimes be traced back to the French word tête, a head, and must have been given originally as a nickname, there being something curious or distinguished about the head of the person referred to.

On the other hand, sometimes the name Tate is from the Old Norman word teitr, meaning merry, and was no doubt given as a description of some merry man.

WHAT is it that increases its value
by one half when it is turned
upside down? The figure 6.

Result of the Painting Contest

THE first prize of £1 in the painting contest described in the C.N. for September 6 has been awarded to Allan Stevenson, "Glenview," Chapelhall; and the five prizes of 2s. 6d. each to E. Chandler, Bristol; Muriel Elworth, Bradford; G. Helliwell, Deepcar; Joan Peskett, Crawley; Nancy Tate, Plymouth.

Here is another painting contest open to all readers. The Editor will give a first prize of £1, and five other prizes of 2s. 6d. each to the readers who paint this weather picture for October best.

The picture must be pasted on a postcard, and should be addressed to C.N. Painting, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4, and be posted to arrive by October 13. Under the picture write: "In this contest I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final," and sign your name and address.

WHICH letter of the alphabet is most useful to a deaf lady?

The letter a, because it makes her hear.

A Puzzling Invention



SNIP: "What's troubling you, Snap?"

Snap: "It's this old toadstool umbrella. Ever since the rain came on I've been trying to find out the way to open the stupid thing."

What Is It?

I AM a letter and a word,
I am a tree, I am a name;
Cut me in pieces with a sword,
You and your act would be the same.

Thrice you must leave the aspirate in doubt,
And use it twice if you would find me out.

Solution next week

Tact

"FOR a moment it looked as if there was going to be a row. Somebody told Wilkins that Potter had called him a worm."

"And had he?"
"Certainly. And when Wilkins went up and asked him if he had, he admitted it at once. He even repeated it, and when he did so Wilkins was so pleased that he invited Potter to dinner."

"Well, I can't see why Wilkins should be proud to be called a worm."

"But Potter told him what he had meant was a book-worm."

What Did He Mean?

MR. JONES was walking with his friend Mr. Brown, when Brown's dog was nearly run over by a horse and cart, but escaped with a slight kick from the horse.

A few days later Jones met Brown again, and said to him:

"How's your dog?"

"I have," replied Jones.

What did he mean?

Answer next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Arithmetical Puzzle

XIX; take away I and XX remains

Word Change: Time, emit, item, mite

A Hidden Word Puzzle

Pictures: Parrot, Ink, Cake, Tap, Urn, Reel, Elf, Snail.

Jacko's Coat

JACKO was all ears when he heard voices in the next room one day. He thought he heard his own name.

Mrs. Jacko was talking to Belinda.

"Jacko wants a new coat this winter," she was saying, "and I've got a beauty for him."

"It looks a bit big," Jacko heard Belinda answer.

"Well, he's getting a big boy now," said Mrs. Jacko, "and there won't be much wrong with the coat by the time I've altered it on my sewing-machine. And it will keep him nice and warm now the days are drawing in."

Jacko was as pleased as could be. "Coo! A new coat!" he said to himself. And he crept over to the door to have a look at it.

He saw all he wanted—and more! For the lovely new coat apparently didn't exist, and on the table lay—an old overcoat of Adolphus's! Jacko nearly choked with rage. There was nothing he disliked more than having to wear his brother's old clothes.

He ran off and hid in the garden, and when Mrs. Jacko wanted to try on the coat he was nowhere to be seen.

Belinda was very angry. She said she had come round specially to help Mrs. Jacko with the sewing, and now they couldn't get on at all. And she put on her hat and went off home.

Jacko crouched behind the garden fence and watched her stalk off down the road. He was beginning to enjoy himself! And when an old tramp suddenly came into sight, shuffling along



"Like a nice warm winter coat?" asked Jacko

the pavement, he had a brilliant idea. He rushed into the house and seized the coat while Mrs. Jacko's back was turned!

"Like a nice warm winter coat?" he said, popping out his head as the tramp passed by.

The tramp could hardly believe his ears. And he could hardly believe his eyes when he actually saw the coat. He hobbled off with it, calling down all sorts of blessings on Jacko's head.

But that night, while they were all having supper, there was a knock at the door, and, when Mrs. Jacko went to see who it was, there was the tramp! He was wearing the coat, and had come back in the hope of getting something more.

Mrs. Jacko recognised the coat at once. She said the tramp had stolen it and that she should send for the police. And Mr. Jacko caught hold of him and dragged him into the house.

The tramp struggled hard to get away, but when he saw Jacko—well, the game, Jacko's game, was up!

The tramp got off scot free. But Jacko wasn't so lucky.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

What Mary Saw

A London reader makes an addition to our recent account of a little dog which caused traffic to be held up while he buried a bone.

Mary was standing at the corner of a busy London street when she heard a squeal of pain, and saw a little dog in the road hurt by a passing cart.

The cart stopped, the driver descended, a crowd collected, a policeman intervened with uplifted hand, and the little dog was lifted on the cart to be more easily handled.

Then up came a mounted policeman. Instantly he detected the cause of the gathering, dismounted, threw the reins on the neck of his beautiful, well-trained horse, and as Mary passed on she saw two policemen, administrators of the law, quietly rendering first aid to the little injured creature.

Ce que Marie vit

Une lectrice de Londres ajoute ce qui suit à ce que nous avons raconté récemment au sujet d'un petit chien qui fit arrêter la circulation dans la rue tandis qu'il enterrait un os.

Marie se trouvait à l'angle d'une rue animée à Londres, lorsqu'elle entendit un cri de douleur et vit qu'un petit chien venait d'être blessé par un chariot qui passait.

Le chariot fit halte, le cocher mit pied à terre, un groupe se forma, un agent, la main levée, fit irruption, et l'on plaça le petit chien dans le chariot pour mieux le soigner.

C'est alors qu'arriva un agent à cheval. Immédiatement il découvrit la cause de l'attroupeement, descendit de cheval, jeta la bride sur le cou de sa belle monture bien dressée, et, lorsque Marie s'éloigna, elle vit deux agents, représentants de la loi, en train de donner tranquillement les premiers soins au petit animal blessé.

Tales Before Bedtime

Billy's Bed

BILLY was only a tiny duckling with golden down instead of feathers, but his mother had forsaken him.

She was a duck that liked a large family. If her other nine eggs had hatched, she would have taken the ten very proudly to the pond; but she was a silly proud thing, and ashamed to go with Billy alone.

Billy did very well in the daytime in the farmyard: he was nimble on his feet. He knew how to dodge the big pig, which would gobble up a duckling as soon as look at it, and how to get out of the way of the fight between the bantam-cock and the turkey.

He also took care to be right on the spot when Mistress threw the corn to the hens. There was nobody so quick as Billy when Mistress opened the gate with her basket on her arm—when the latch clicked Billy was across the farmyard like the wind.

But at night it was different; he wanted to cuddle down beneath a nice warm wing; but there was no place for Billy; he got nothing but pecks from everybody.

Alone he stood piping in the middle of the yard, and the people of the house pitied him.

"Poor little Billy wants a bed, the nights are very cold," said the Mistress. "I will make him a nice nest of hay."

But Billy would have none of the nest.

"Here's just the thing," said Cook. "I'll put him in my old bedroom slipper."

But Billy hopped like any frog from the slipper, shouting louder than ever.

In the end it was Susan the housemaid who settled the matter. Just then she came from the pantry with



Billy was put inside

her great idea for Billy's bed, and it was the head of a big feather broom, laid in a rush basket.

Billy was put in, and clapped his wings for joy.

He crept inside the broom, and his bright eyes shone through the brown feathers, as he pretended to himself that it was his own mother.

Night after night, week after week, Billy the duckling slept with the feather broom, till at last he grew so big and fat that he burst the basket.

Wise Old Weather Saws—October



A good October and a good blast
To blow the hog acorn and mast

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

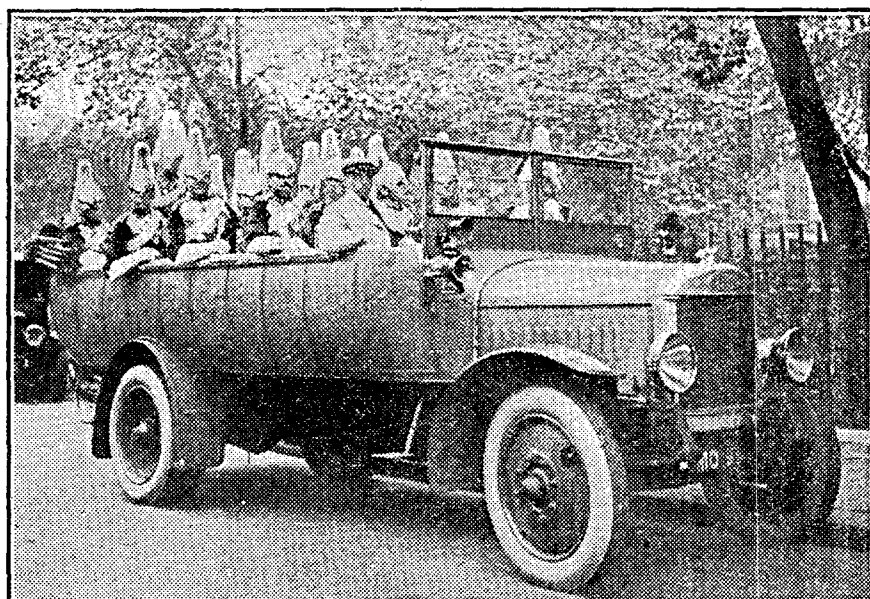
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October 4, 1924

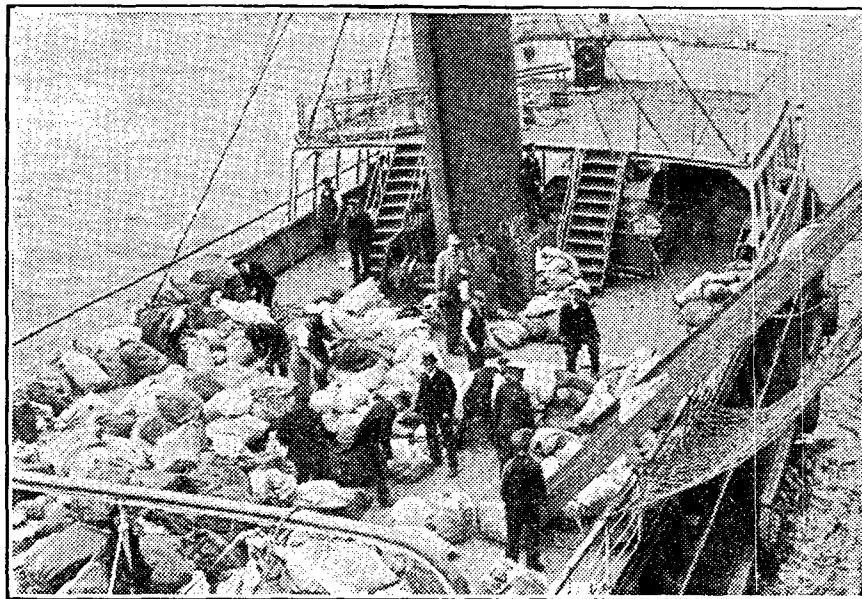
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ENGLAND'S YOUNGEST MAYORESS · GIRL GOLF CHAMPION · THE ZOO SPARROW



A New Mount for the Lifeguards—A body of Lifeguards in full dress going through the streets of London by motor charabanc to the wedding of one of their officers. They created much interest.



The Mauretania's Mails—The Mauretania has made another record by crossing from New York to Plymouth in 4 days 21 hours 57 minutes. Here a tender is receiving her mails.



England's Youngest Mayoress—Miss Betty Howitt, the 11-year-old daughter of the Mayor-elect of Richmond, Surrey, England's youngest mayoress.



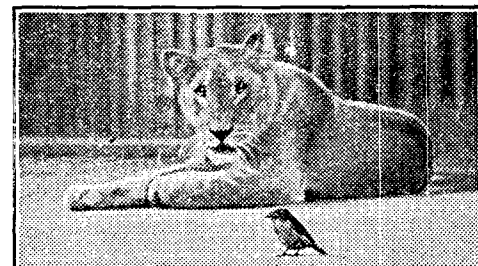
The Airman in Sculpture—The statue representing the Air Force, one of four statues sculptured by Mr. Albert Toft for the Birmingham Hall of Memory, the foundation stone of which was laid by the Prince of Wales recently.



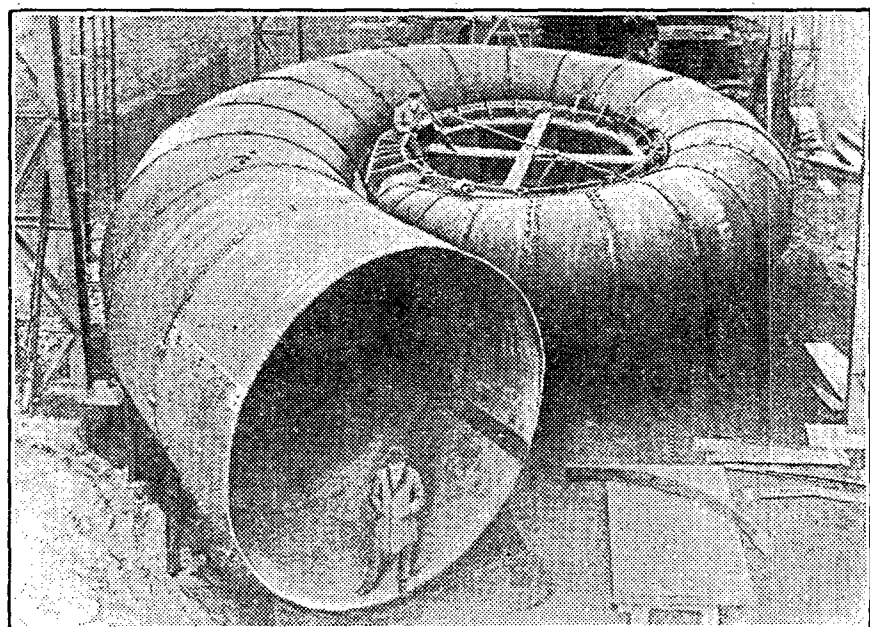
Girl Golf Champion—Mademoiselle Thion de la Chaume, the wonderful 15-year-old French golf player who has won the Girls' Open Championship.



The Emir Goes to Wembley—The Emir of Katsina, a Nigerian ruler who has been visiting Wembley, leaving the Railodok car after a tour of the exhibition.



Dignity and Impudence—A daring sparrow at the London Zoo enters the cage of the lion cubs in search of food. It is not afraid of the big animal.



A Giant Turbine—The huge turbine to be used for the Isar river-power scheme in Germany. It looks like an enormous coiled shell and is quite big enough for a train to run through.



A Lover of Dogs—An interesting scene in a London park, where a lover of dogs is taking a number of her pets for a walk. They are quite well-behaved and are enjoying the walk.

A LIFE OF ADVENTURE AND PERIL AND DOOM—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER

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